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Edinburgh: Printed by Thomas and Archibald Constable,

FOR

EDMONSTON AND DOUGLAS.

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CAMBRIDGE . . . . . MACMILLAN AND CO.

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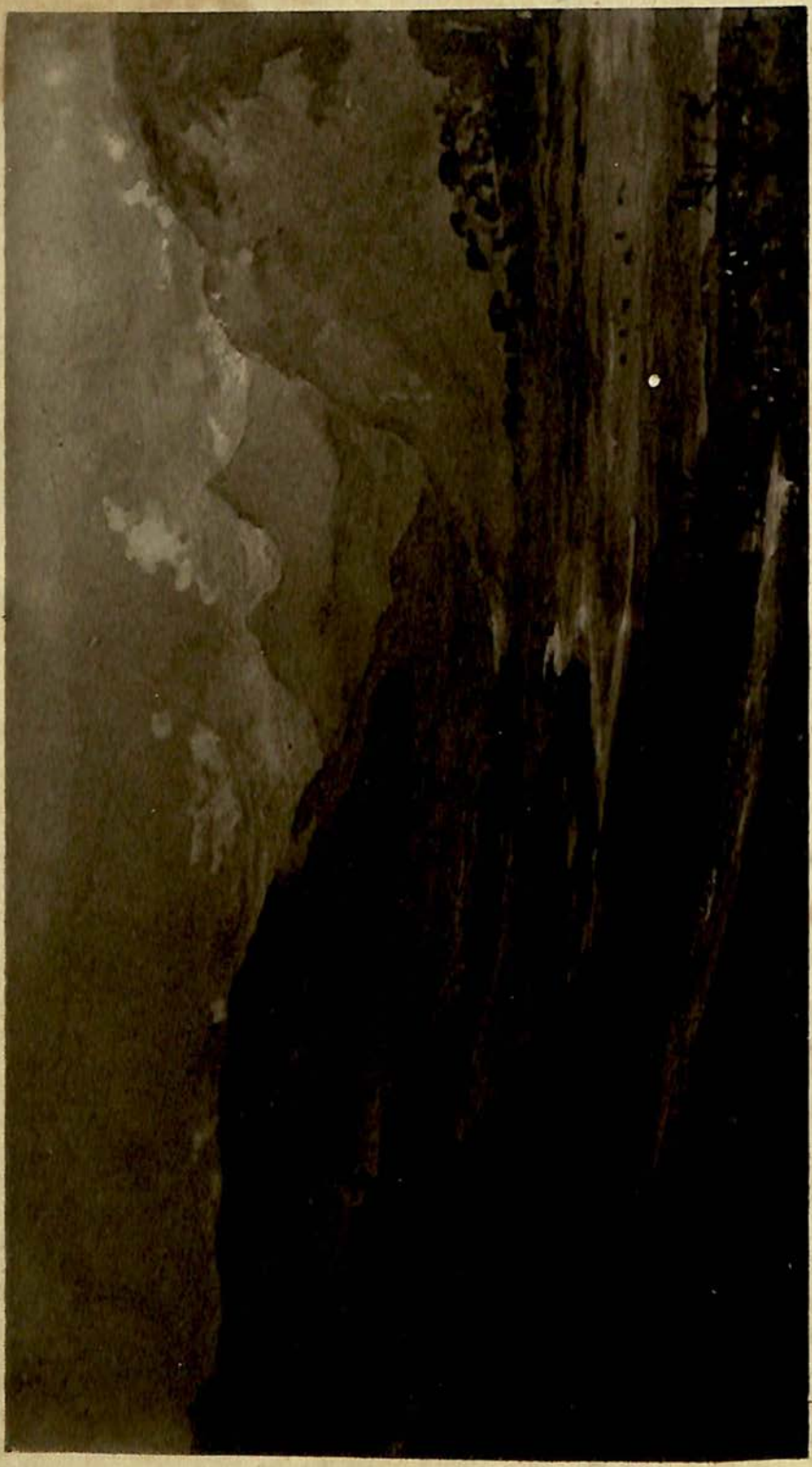

NUGÆ CANORÆ MEDICÆ;

LAYS BY THE POET LAUREATE OF THE NEW TOWN DISPENSARY.

SECOND EDITION.

"As for your heroes and brave boys,
With whom old Homer makes such noise,
The greatest actions I can find
Are, that they did their work and———dined."—PRIOR.

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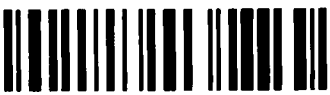
EDINBURGH:
EDMONSTON AND DOUGLAS.
1873.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Preface to the Second Edition.

THE collection of songs, which had formed my contributions to the "conviviality of the evening" at the annual dinners of the past and present medical officers of the New Town Dispensary of Edinburgh, was in 1850 printed at the request of the members of that pleasant reunion, on the understanding that the profits of the book, if any, were to be devoted to the Institution in which we were all interested. It was my good fortune to be able in this way to add a little to the funds of the Dispensary—a very inadequate return for the large amount of practical instruction which it had afforded to me, during my ten years' service as one of its acting medical officers.

Since 1850 some additional *Nugæ*, many of which are in no respect *Medicæ*, have been produced on various occasions at the New Town Dispensary and elsewhere, and a few of these are now put in print at the request of those who have been kind enough to listen to them.

The profits, if any, are now to be devoted to the Building Fund of the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh, so that those who are disposed to buy the book, can com-

pensate themselves, under a bad literary bargain, by the reflection, that they may thus, in a small way, contribute to one of the noblest charitable institutions in the kingdom.

The Illustrations of the "Battle o' Glen Tilt" call for a word of acknowledgment.

At a Sketching Club, which met in the house of my friend John Ballantyne, R.S.A., the above song was given out, as the subject on which each member was to exercise his inventive and executive talents. The sketches thus dashed off by the able hands of John Faed, R.S.A., Thomas Faed, R.A., John Ballantyne, R.S.A., W. Fettes Douglas, R.S.A., James Archer, R.S.A., and the late William Crawford, A.R.S.A., were presented to me by Mr. Ballantyne. In prospect of the present edition I applied for, and at once got the consent of these distinguished artists, to use their sketches as illustrations, and they have accordingly been photographed by Mr. E. W. Dallas, F.R.S.E.

DOUGLAS MACLAGAN.

EDINBURGH, *May* 1872.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

"Tu vero cavebis, edico, quisquis es, ne temere sugilles auctorem hujusce operis, aut cavillator irrideas. Imo ne vel ex aliorum censura tacite obloquaris (vis dicam verbo?) neque nasutulus inepte improbes aut falso fingas."

BURTON'S *Anatomie of Melancholie.*

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The Duke was in a rage, man;
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NUGÆ CANORÆ MEDICÆ.

Both at once, and better than either.

A FREE TRANSLATION FROM THE GERMAN.

AIR—"The Pope, a happy fellow he,
From all the strife of wedlock free,
Lives well and drinks the best of wine,
I wish the Pope's gay life were mine."

INGLIS, a happy fellow he,
From all the fears of champagne[1] free,
Lives well, and quaffs this precious wine,
Nor pays, how oft soe'er he dine.[2]

[1] Convivial Bye-Laws of the Medical Officers of the New Town Dispensary:—

I. If any Medical Officer be married in the course of the year, he shall provide champagne for the dinner-party in the succeeding February.

II. If any two unmarried Medical Officers are so caught, they shall provide, one claret, the other champagne, for the February dinner.

III. If three or more be married, they shall provide all the wine to be consumed by the said dinner-party.

IV. In the event of there being no case of marriage in the course of the year, the married Medical Officers shall provide champagne; but any married Medical Officer who has had twins in his family shall be exempted from the operation of this regulation.

V. Any married man who shall be elected a Medical Officer shall be held as having been married during the year in which he was elected, and shall provide champagne accordingly.—*Enacted* 1833, *and modified by subsequent Statutes.*

[2] *Vide supra*, Bye-Law No. IV.

But then to his paternal cares
The fresh additions come in pairs;[1]
One at a time 's enough for me,
The Fates from couples keep me free!

Balfour, another fellow quite,—
A jolly dog, a lucky wight,
Holds in the West his mighty state,
A learn'd Professor, rich and great.[2]
But then, like his dicœcious weeds,
A solitary life he leads;
I would not lead, for all his fees,
A life so void of joy and ease.

So here, my friends, come drink with me,
The merry men of N. T. D.;[3]
To both our friends give honour due,
And be Balfour and Inglis too.
For, thanks to Coxe,[4] I 've champagne free,
So what has Inglis more than me?
And though in Glasgow I 've no chair,
I hold one in St. Andrew Square.[5]

[1] At Edinburgh, on the 16th December, Mrs. Archibald Inglis of twins, a boy and girl.—*Edinburgh Newspaper, December* 1839.

[2] The Queen has been pleased to appoint Dr. John Hutton Balfour to be Professor of Botany in the University of Glasgow.—*Gazette, May* 1841.

[3] Prescriptions are in general to be written on the paper issued at the Dispensary, but when other paper is substituted, the letters N. T. D. are to be conspicuously prefixed.—*Regulations to be observed by Pupils attending the New Town Dispensary.*

[4] Coxe, Sir James, M.D., F.R.C.P.E., Kinellan, Murrayfield.—*Edinburgh County Directory.*

[5] Douglas's Hotel, 34 and 35 St. Andrew Square.—*Edinburgh Directory.*

A Dinner at Douglas's Hotel.

By Phelim O'Snigger, M.D.

Air—"St. Patrick was a gintleman."

A host most rare
Was Douglas dear,
And both sedate and stable,
He kept a Hotel,
You know it well,
And in one room a table.
It 's a big affair
St. Andrew Square,
So is Moray Place, in troth, too;
But I 'll tell you a gap
That 's a daeper trap,
And wider than them both, too.
Och 'twas into that place
[It 's the hole in my face]
That I put the champagne, swate cratur,
And, thanks to Brown,
Ye all must own,
There 's nothin' was chaper or swater.

Chorus—*Then success to Mr. Douglas's fist,*
He niver let us faint, O;
He gave the champagne corks the twist,
He 's a beauty without paint, O.

There was niver a throat
That table about
That e'er could complain of the thirstin',
'Twas much more like
That each hungry tyke
Should fill himself full to the burstin'.
The wires is nipped,
The corks is slipped,
And out they flies with a pop,
And every man
Drinks as hard as he can,
For there's none of them pays for a drop.

'Twas all for the good of Douglas's fist,
For he niver let them faint, O, etc.

That dacent Saint
St. Patrick, went
Across to Donaghadee, Sir,
And drew his breath,
Though betwixt his teeth
He carried his head in the sea, Sir.
But what was that,
I ask ye, Pat,
To a chap they call Maclagan,
That inside his mouth,
I tell ye the truth,
Had sewed a carpet-bag in?[1]
Och! if you had seen
The good champagne

[1] A remarkable anatomical fact, first accurately demonstrated at a Newhaven fish-dinner by the late lamented Professor Reid of St. Andrews.

Goin' down this fellow's gullet,
Ye 'd have said that France
Had niver a chance,
With all its wine, to fill it.
'Twas all for the good of Douglas's fist, etc.

Down the throat of this thief
Sich lumps of beef
And sich taties and greens there glided,
That the ox, if alive,
You 'd say could thrive
On the fodder he placed beside it.
And the fish, d' ye see,
Went merrily
Right down his throttle skimmin',
For they knew there would be
Of champagne a sea
Below for them to swim in.
'Twas all the effect of Douglas's fist, etc.

But besides this lad
There was his Dad,[1]
And twenty more around them,
And they laughed so hard
That with half a yard
Of cotton-thread ye 'd have bound them.
With mirth and fun,
And many a pun,
They wiled away the night then;

[1] Maclagan, David, M.D., F.R.S.E., etc., 129 George Street.—*Edinburgh Directory. Ob.* 6th June 1865.

Och, never fear,
Ould Father Care
Got a mighty thunnerin' fright then.

'Twas all the effect of Douglas's fist, etc.

At the top sat down
One William Brown;[1]
He must have found it expensive;
He had to pay
For the wine that day,
And the drinkin' was rather extensive.
Thim thirsty boys
Left him no choice,
And they gave a raison rum for 't—
He had married a wife,
To aise his life,
And they made him pay for the comfort.[2]

'Twas all for the good of Douglas's fist, etc.

In a seat at the foot
One Omond they put,[3]
And they made him sit facin' the Chairman;
And I judge by his look,
And the place that he took,
That he managed the whole affair, man.

[1] Brown, William, F.R.C.S.E., etc., 25 Dublin Street.—*Edinburgh Directory.*

[2] Bye-Laws, No. I.

[3] *Minutes of Meetings of Medical Officers.*—31st March 1837, *inter alia*, "It was proposed by Dr. Pagan, and agreed to, that Dr. Omond should succeed Dr. Inglis as Medical Secretary."

He was the lad
That always bade
More champagne corks to bounce still.
It was a way
He had learned, they say,
When in the City Council.[1]

'Twas all for the good of Douglas's fist, etc.

Then next to the chair
Sat Pagan dear,
A very knowin' codger;
A Doctor now,
But once, they allow,
A bloody, fightin' sodger.
To square amounts
And settle accounts
With the world's population,
For thim that he slew
At Waterloo,[2]
He brings fresh ones now to the nation.[3]

'Twas all for the good of Douglas's fist, etc.

[1] Final state of the poll, Fifth Ward—

Gibson Thomson, Liberal and Non-intrusionist,	231
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Edinburgh Municipal Election—Scotsman, Nov. 3, 1841.

[2] 33d Regiment—Wounded, Lieut. S. A. Pagan, severely, etc.—*Waterloo Gazette.*

[3] New Town Dispensary—Physicians-Accoucheurs, S. A. Pagan, M.D., etc.—*Edinburgh Almanac.*

The next o' the brood
Was Andrew Wood;
They called him the Inspector;[1]
But why that same
Had got the name
I never could conjectur'.
Thim doctor blades
Has got queer trades,
And this was one, ye 'll own:
He sould could meat
That none could eat,
And for that he was paid by the Crown.[2]

'Twas all for the good of Douglas's fist, etc.

The next chap there
Was one called Weir,
That nately handled the glasses,
Whose work, they say,
Lies night and day
Among the *labourin'* classes.[3]

[1] And be it enacted, That it shall be lawful for His Majesty's said Principal Secretary of State or Chief Secretary, as the case may be, immediately on the passing of this Act, or as soon thereafter as may be necessary, to appoint respectively not fewer than Three Persons to be Inspectors of Places where anatomy is carried on, etc.—*An Act for regulating Schools of Anatomy, anno 2d and 3d Gulielmi IV. Regis, cap.* 75.

[2] And be it enacted, That it shall be lawful for His Majesty to grant to every such Inspector such an annual salary, not exceeding One Hundred Pounds, for his trouble, and to allow such a sum of money for the expenses of his office as may appear reasonable, etc.—*Anatomy Act, ubi supra.*

[3] New Town Dispensary—Physicians-Accoucheurs, T. G. Weir, M.D., etc.

One Begbie,[1] too,
Who made an ado
At a Non-intrusion meetin';
But this nate little plot
Was clane forgot
When it came to the crammin' and eatin'.
'Twas all for the good of Douglas's fist, etc.

And there was one
George Paterson,[2]
Who, though he ate a good dinner,
Yet never did I
In my life descry
A mortal bein' thinner..
Laugh and grow fat,
As you know, Pat,
The ancient proverb's term is,
Yet this human ghost
He never lost
The look of "*Epidermis.*"[3]
'Twas all for the good of Douglas's fist, etc.

But to balance that,
And show that fat
To mirth will follow after,
One Duncan[4] was there,

[1] Begbie, James, M.D., F.R.S.E., F.R.C.P., etc., 9 Charlotte Square. —*Edinburgh Directory. Ob.* 26th August 1869.

[2] Paterson, George A., M.D., F.R.C.P.E., Assistant Commissioner in Lunacy, 15 North Merchiston Place.—*Edinburgh Directory.*

The genial humour of the man, however, has physiologically triumphed, and the sobriquet is not now applicable—1872.

[4] Duncan, James, M.D., Surgeon to the Royal Infirmary, 12 Heriot Row.—*Edinburgh Directory. Ob.* 16th August 1866.

With shoulders square,
That merrily shook with laughter.
About him they made
A mighty parade,
And all because he had tied
A bit of a string—
No mighty thing!—
In a hole in a fellow's side.[1]
'Twas all for the good of Douglas's fist,' etc.

There was Watson
And Hamilton,
A chap—but that's no matter—
Who had gone to spy
How folks mind their eye,
On the other side o' the water.[2]
I've heard it said,
When a tragedy's played
That floods from the eyes is seen,
But them chaps can spout
A cataract out,[3]
And that beats Kemble and Kean.
'Twas all for the good of Douglas's fist, etc.

[1] Case of ligature of the external iliac artery, by James Duncan, M.D.—*Vide Journals of Surgical Hospital.*

[2] Substance of an Introductory Lecture to a course upon the Structure, Functions, and Diseases of the Eye; comprising a Comparison of the state of Ophthalmic Science in Germany and England; and a recommendation to introduce the German method of instruction into the British Schools. By Robert Hamilton, M.D., F.R.S.E., etc.—*Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal, April* 1843.

[3] Historical and Critical Remarks on the Operations for the Cure of Cataract, by Alexander Watson, M.D.—*Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal,* 1845.

They saw Douglas work
On like a Turk,
But they never thought of his fist,
Till at last he complained
That his thumbs was sprained,
And that he was tired in the wrist.
Says Omond, "Friend,
Your waiter send,
He 'll manage, never fear it;
And now we think
We 'll change the drink,
And we 'll try a taste o' your claret."

CHORUS—*So to work then went the waiter's fist,*
And he niver let them faint, O;
He gave the claret corks the twist,
Like a beauty without paint, O.

In a twinklin' sure,
A dozen and more
Had down their throttles fled;
Yet never a one
Thought it time to be gone,
Or to take him off to his bed.
They 'd ne'er have gone
At all, but Brown,
That dacent man, gave warnin',
That he thought it right,
Bein' Saturday night,
They should leave before the mornin'.[1]

So to work then went the waiter's fist, etc.

[1] Surgere jam tempus, jam pingues linquere mensas.—*Catulli Carmen Nuptiale*, v. 3.

But when all was done
There came sich fun
That I laughed till I scarce could utter;
It was seeing them clap
A dandy chap,
Newbiggin',[1] upon a shutter [2]
How Wood got on,
To me 's unknown—
I'll find it out if I can;
But they say that his wife,
For fear of his life,
Had sent up Trotter's van.

CHORUS AND FINALE—

So there was an end of the waiter's fist,
And an end of this illigant feast, O;
And when next he gives the corks the twist,
May we all be there to taste, O!

[1] Newbigging, Patrick S. K., M.D., F.R.C.S.E., 29 Heriot Row.—*Edinburgh Directory. Ob.* 16th January 1864.

[2] Shutters will be provided, and Trotter's furniture-van will be in attendance, as usual, for such gentlemen as may require them after dinner.—*Private and Confidential Note by the Secretary to the Medical Officers.*

Liebig's Physiological Chemistry.

AIR—Sui generis.

If you please, Mr. Preses, make use of your time,
And don't let's get dry in the throttle,
But take my advice, as the claret is prime,
And order us in a fresh bottle.
We've Liebig's authority, well you're aware,
That we men of the North can consume
More alcohol far than the Southrons dare,
Without being the worse for its fume.[1]

This Liebig has found out our life's golden rule,
And much will it please honest people,
To find that he proves Father Mathew a fool,
And that life is maintained by the tipple.
For by oxygenation to vapour we turn;
This, he says, one of Nature's strange laws is;
And without hydrocarbons within us to burn,
We perish by eremacausis.[2]

[1] If in hunting or fishing we were exposed to the same degree of cold as the Samoyedes, we should be able with ease to consume 10 lbs. of flesh, and perhaps a dozen of tallow-candles into the bargain, daily, as warmly-clad travellers have related with astonishment of these people. We should then also be able to take the same quantity of BRANDY or train-oil without bad effects, because the carbon and hydrogen of these substances would only suffice to keep up the equilibrium between the external temperature and that of our bodies.—*Liebig, Animal Chemistry*, 2d edit. p. 22.

[2] In the wasted bodies of those who have suffered starvation, the muscles are shrunk and unnaturally soft, and have lost their contrac-

Teetotallers dabble in coffee and tea,
And think themselves wise all the while;
But if Liebig be right, these 'll not do for me,
For he says that they turn to bile.[1]
No! a taste of the alcohol 's nearer the thing
For a man of poetic vocation;
For your bard couldn't laugh, and still less could he sing,
Without elements of respiration.[2]

Thus, man 's but a big spirit-lamp, as we see;
And lamps all require you to cram 'em
With plenty of spirit of good density,
In order to *alere flammam.*
Then keep up the alcohol stimulus all;
Thus alone you 'll preserve your condition;
Or you 'll find yourselves soon in what Bennett would call
A state of abnormal nutrition.[3]

tility; all those parts of the body which were capable of entering into the state of motion have served to protect the remainder of the frame from the destructive influence of the atmosphere. Towards the end, the particles of the brain begin to undergo the process of oxidation, and delirium, mania, and death close the scene; that is to say, all resistance to the oxidizing power of the atmospheric oxygen ceases, and the chemical process of eremacausis or decay commences, etc.—*Liebig, op. cit.*, p. 27.

[1] Without entering minutely into the medicinal action of caffeine, it will surely appear a most striking fact, even if we were to deny its influence on the process of secretion, that this substance, with the addition of oxygen and water, can yield taurine, the nitrogenized compound peculiar to bile.—*Liebig, op. cit.*, p. 180.

[2] Among the elements of respiration in our food are wine, beer, spirits.—*Liebig, op. cit.*, p. 96.

[3] Treatise on Inflammation as a process of Abnormal Nutrition, by JOHN HUGHES BENNETT, M.D., Edinburgh, F.R.S.E.—*Edinburgh*, 1844.

Gradus ad Parnassum.

It happened, Sir, last night, that from my home
In fancy somehow I was led to roam:
I left the dull abodes of sickly men,
My books, my lectures, Surgeons' Square, and then
(Bright was the sky, delightful was the day)
Forth on an open plain I held my way,
Up from whose centre, towering to the sky,
A two-topped mountain reared itself on high.[1]
"What hill is this?" I said. "Can Arthur Seat
Have split his head into two halves so neat?
That 's not Ben Lomond, Ledi, or Dumaït;[2]
It seems a stiff 'un, yet I 'd like to try it."
I bent me to the task—was forced to stop
For want of breath, when half way to the top,
And with fatigue and weary limb oppressed,
Under a rock I laid me down to rest.
I lay, I slept—how long I slept 's no matter—
I had been there till now, but that a clatter
Of human voices woke me; not the strong,
Big, burly notes of men, but the loud, long,
Yet somewhat silvery sounds of female tone;
Sufficient cause for wakening up, you 'll own.
I started, rubbed my eyes, exclaimed "That 's queer;
Why, what on earth can women do up here?
Some pic-nic party—I 'll lie still and hear."

[1] Mons ibi verticibus petit arduus astra duobus
Nomine Parnassus, superatque cacumine nubes.
Ovidii Metamorph. i. 316.

[2] Dumaït, the highest of the Ochils.—*Black's Scottish Tourist.*

Scarce had that notion traversed through my brain,
When from the hill descending, lo! a train
Of nine young ladies, handsome, blithe, and gay,
Came tripping lightly down to where I lay.
"Ah!" said I, as I saw them drawing near,
"Would that some of our bachelors were here—
Jackson, the Douglasses, Keith, Dick Mackenzie,[1]
'Tis ten to one but he might take a fancy
For some of these fair dames, and so would fix
The champagne score for eighteen forty-six.
Ah! Simson, Simson, hadst thou but been there,
To mark these forms divine, surpassing fair,
Thou hadst relaxed thy presidential brow;[2]
Then with delight, as with the claret now,
Forsworn celibacy, and straightly shown
A champagne-giving tendency, like Brown."
But to our tale.—The foremost of the band,
With graceful mien, waved on me with her hand,
And beckoned my approach. I rose, and low
Obeisant, humbly made to her a bow:
"Madam," I said, "excuse me; be so good
As tell me; like Paul Pry, do I intrude?"
"Intrude!" she said. "Why talk in such a strain;
You know, dear Sir, you're on your own domain."
"My own domain! Why, madam, you mistake, or
Else you make game of me; for not an acre

[1] Jackson, Alexander, M.D., F.R.C.P.E.; Douglas, A. Halliday, M.D., F.R.C.P.E.; Douglas, Archibald, M.D., F.R.C.S.E.; Keith, George, M.D., F.R.C.P.E.; Mackenzie, R. J., M.D., F.R.C.S.E.—*Edinburgh Directory.*

[2] *Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh.*—At a meeting of the Royal College of Surgeons, held on Wednesday the 16th instant, the following office-bearers for the ensuing year were chosen:—James Simson, M.D., President, etc.

In all broad Scotland do I call my own."
"Acres and Scotland!" said she, with a frown;
"Why, my dear doctor, you're not such an ass, as
Not to know that you're now upon Parnassus."
"Parnassus!" I exclaimed, "this height confuses
My brain. Do I behold the Muses?"
"The same," she said; "my sisters these, and I a
Lover of lyrics am, my name's Thalia.
You're just in time to join a little *fête*
Champêtre, and I promise you a treat;
So if to Helicon my steps you'll follow,
I'll introduce you to our friend Apollo."
"But, madam, ere I go, pray be so good
As introduce me to the sisterhood,
And tell me, which is that (it's rather shocking),
Who shows so much of leg without a stocking?"
"Oh! that's Terpsichore, she's gone quite crazy
About a thing called Polka. She'll amaze you;
There's but one thought within her head she carries,
To make the *kick* the way they do in Paris.
She's not as much sense left as would an egg fill,
And talks of nothing else but Madame D'Egville."[1]

My fair conductress led me to a glen,
Remote from the approach of mortal men,
Where, on a grassy knoll, beside a fountain,
Whose waters sparkling gambolled down the mountain,
Surrounded by his retinue of state,
Apollo, mighty god of fiddlers, sate.
I found him a good-looking, pleasant fellow,
In his left hand he held a violoncello,

[1] D'Egville, Madame, teacher of dancing, 50 Frederick Street.—*Edinburgh Directory.*

His right the fiddlestick; he had, d'ye see,
Been practising Beethoven's No. Three;
And by his side there lay the silver bow
Which Homer talks so much about, you know,[1]
He welcomed me with that good-natured mien
Which men of rank assume, when they can deign
To condescend a little; then he spoke
Of things in general, and cracked a joke
Or two with the young ladies; then turned to me,
Asked how we got on at N. T. D.,
If we had filled our numbers up again,
And who this year was giving the champagne.
I told him Bennett. "Bennett! now you quote him,
The fellow who sings *Largo al factotum?*
I know him well; he 's made a great sensation
Here, with his Treatise upon Inflammation.
We take it, that it's meant to be a quiz
Upon our jolly old friend Bacchus' phiz,
Who now exhibits as you may suppose,
The 'exudation globule' on his nose,"[2]
He then talked politics, and seemed to feel
His way with me, and asked what Peel
Was doing. "Why," I said, "just now,
In Scotland Peel has made a precious row.
He wants to take away their one-pound notes[3]—
A scheme that rather disconcerts the Scots;

[1] Ἀργυρότοξος Ἀπόλλων.—*Iliados* B. 766.
Τὸν μὲν Ἀπόλλων πέφνεν ἀπ' ἀργυρέοιο βιοῖο.—*Iliados* Ω. 605.

[2] The mode in which the exudation is thrown out affects in some degree its appearance.—*Dr. Hughes Bennett on the Development of Exudation, Edin. Monthly Journal, Feb.* 1847, p. 586. *V.* note, p. 14.
We have called these bodies *plastic* corpuscles from the frequency of their occurrence in Plastic Lymph. By Valentin and others they have been named *exudation* corpuscles.—*Bennett, op. cit.*, p. 587.

[3] He would not either in Scotland or Ireland abolish the power of

But to my notion, 'tis a plan will do
Well for us doctors, for this is my view:
That if to smash the *one* pounds he contrives,
The doctors clearly must be paid with *fives*.
Peel's other money measure is, however,
A deal more funny, and by far more clever.
I mean the new half-farthings;[1] you must know that
He has them coined by pecks imperial, so that
Homœopathic patients, if they please,
May use the '*third dilution*' for their fees."[2]
Thus we chit-chatted pleasantly together,
Discussed the money-market, crops, the weather;
Then spoke of archery. I begged he'd show,
If he did not object, his silver bow.
He took it up, and as the thing he dandled,
"A pretty tool," he said, "when rightly handled."
"Why," said I, "after all, I don't quite know
If metal 's just the thing to make a bow;

issuing notes under £5 in amount. He would not run the risk of encountering the opposition which such a proposal would excite, though he did not know that the use of the small notes could be justified by argument. He would not guarantee the continuance of those notes, implying no intention any way as to the future.—*Speech of Sir Robert Peel on Irish and Scotch Banking, April* 25, 1845.

[1] An immense coinage of half-farthings has lately been issued from the Mint.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

[2] What dilution should be administered is a question still, in a measure, *sub judice*, and which has given rise to many an unseemly discussion, the acrimony of which would lead us to suppose that it was a vital point in Homœopathy.—*Treatise on the Principles and Practice of Homœopathy by* FRANCIS BLACK, M.D., *Lond.* 1847, p. 145.

Docteur, voilà quatre mois passés que je consomme vos petites graines, véritables graines de niais. Merci! Gardez-les pour d'autres. Mais vous méritez d'etre homœopathiquement honoré. Ci-incluse la dilution la plus extrême de notre système monétaire. Le billet renfermait un centime.—*Anecdote in Bulletin de Thérapeutique, Décembre* 1849.

And for your silver one, you think the true one,
Why, Peter Muir[1] could beat it with a yew one."
That did not please him, I saw well enough;
He hummed and hawed, and looked confounded gruff;
So from unpleasant things the talk to lead,
I spoke of music and of General Reid.[2]
"Ah!" said he, with a look—a rather fierce one,
"What do they say of that Professor Pearson?"
"Why," said I, "that 's a 'rum un' that you sent us;
We simply say of him, *non est inventus.*"[3]

'Twere vain to tell what glees and songs were sung,
How with our shouts of mirth Parnassus rung.
But betwixt mortal man, heathen divinity,
And other animals, there 's this affinity,
That when they 're tired, it 's needful, to enable 'em
To keep the steam up, that they have some pabulum:
So thought Apollo, for he felt the fag,
Vowed he was empty in the "carpet bag,"
And ordered lunch. 'Twas done as soon as said,
An ample store upon the turf was spread
Of choicest eatables; but, only think,
Not the least vestige of a thing to drink!
Apollo saw I thought that rather queer,
And said, in explanation, "Why, up here,
Our law to us no other drink allows
Save what by nature from the fountain flows."

[1] Muir, Peter, bowmaker to the Royal Company of Archers.—*Edinburgh Almanac.*

[2] General John Reid, founder of the Theory of Music Chair, who also bequeathed money to the funds of the University.—*Edinburgh University Calendar*, 1872, p. 300.

[3] Professors of the Theory of Music—Henry Hugh Pearson, 1844; John Donaldson, 1845.—*Edinburgh University Calendar.*

"Oh!" said I to myself, "what! can the fools
Have put themselves 'neath Father Mathew's rules?
Can they have taken the teetotal pledge?
The thought's enough to set one's teeth on edge.
Deluge with water a poor fellow's tripes,
Nor even offer him a glass of swipes!
I only wish that this confounded frolic
Mayn't end in diarrhœa or the colic."[1]
"What, ho!" Apollo cried, "with quickness bring
A foaming goblet from our crystal spring.
Here, doctor," said he, giving me a wink,
"That chicken's dry, you'd better have a drink."
"Thank you," said I, giving my mouth a screw,
"Folks must at Rome do as the Romans do."
I took the goblet, raised it to my lip,
Intending but to take a little sip;
But when I put it down (you'll soon see why),
The cup, so full before, was void and dry.
"Ah!" said I, as I set the vessel down,
"That beats the water that we have in town.
The spring of Crawley, and these deep Artesians[2]
That made such a hubbub with the Parisians,
There's none of them such stuff as that give out,
Here, there's an end of wonder and of doubt

[1] In some constitutions a draught of cold water, beer, milk, etc., immediately affects the bowels, especially if the individual be heated at the time.—*Article Diarrhœa, by Drs. Crampton and Forbes, Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine*, vol. i. p. 556.

[2] The most famous Artesian well perhaps is that of Grenelle, on the outskirts of Paris, where the water is brought from the gault at a depth of 1798 feet. It yields 516½ gallons of water in a minute, which is raised with such a force as to be propelled 32 feet above the surface. The pressure required to effect this has been calculated to exceed fifty atmospheres at the bottom of the bore.—*Chambers's Cyclopædia*, vol. i. p. 449.

Why Helicon was sought for inspiration
By poets, to excite the imagination.
This is no paltry streamlet, fed with rain,—
Your Heliconian fountain is CHAMPAGNE." [1]
"Why, to be sure, you fool; you never thought
That we drank water here to quench our drought?
Protoxide of your hydrogen, H O,
As Gregory would call it! [2] that won't do.
Go, doctor, go to Secretary Campbell,
Tell him that up this way you chanced to ramble,
Saw old Apollo, and he bid you show,
Without champagne the bardship is no go.
Tell him that this one thing he must see carried,
Before next year some other man gets married:
Bid him convene the Medicos, and show 'em,
If you get no champagne, they get no poem." [3]
"Well," I replied, "I think your godship's right;
I see the thing now in another light,
And if your butler it don't too much bother—
The chicken's dry again—I'll take another."
But ere a second draught I could obtain,
Presto, behold, the scene was changed again;

[1] HELICON, now Zagaro-Vouni, a mountain of Bœotia on the borders of Phocis. It was sacred to the Muses, who had there a temple. The fountain Hippocrene flowed from this mountain.—*Lemprière, Classical Dictionary.*

[2] Two symbols joined by the sign +, or simply placed together, signify a compound of 1 atom of each element. Thus, H + O, or simply H O, means water, a compound of 1 atom hydrogen and 1 atom oxygen.—*Gregory's Outlines of Chemistry*, 2d edit. p. 26.

[3] "Nulla placere diu nec vivere carmina possunt
Quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus."
HOR. *Ep.* I. xix. 2.

Apollo, Muses, Heliconian mountain,
Chicken, ham-sandwiches, the champagne fountain,
All in a moment from my vision sunk.
I started and exclaimed—"Can I be drunk?
Or was I dreaming? Why, as I declare,
I've fallen asleep here in my easy-chair!
What's this I've written down? As I'm alive,
'N. T. D. ode for eighteen forty-five.'
What, just the title!—not another line!
To-morrow, too, the day on which we dine.
What's to be done? Alas! my reputation
Is gone now, like Othello's occupation.
What can have caused this mischief? It's the plaguy
Narcotic action of last quarter's Craigie.[1]
What's to be done? There's nothing for it now
But the plain statement simply to avow."
'Twas Craigie's fault, Sir, thus to make me sleep,
And all my senses in oblivion steep.
Thus you perceive why I could not contrive
To have an ode for eighteen forty-five.

[1] Craigie, David, M.D., F.R.C.P.E., born 1793, ob. 17th May 1866. For a number of years from 1846 Dr. Craigie was quite laid aside from active life. He continued however to edit the *Medical and Surgical Journal*. The circulation of this periodical latterly fell off considerably,—no doubt very much owing to the circumstance that three months was felt to be too long an interval between successive publications.—*Edinburgh Monthly Journal, August* 1866, p. 190.

The Ether Song.

AIR—"Yankee Doodle."

A YANKEE notion 's come to town—
A raythor knowin' go, Sir—
That flails the whole of Britain down,
As you shall quickly know, Sir.
This dodge, so clever and so new,
We 've got from Doctor Morton,[1]
Who, if he only had his due,
Would surely make his fortune.

CHORUS—*But if you 'll keep your minds at ease,*
You 'll soon hear more about it;
But first let 's liquor, if you please,
For singin' 's dry without it.

Reform it made a monstrous talk,
Free trade in corn and beans, now;
But this thing, by a mighty chalk,
Beats both to smithereens, now.

[1] *Vide* Littel's Living Age, No. 201, 18th March 1848.

Dr. Morton of that city [Boston], the gentleman to whom, I believe, the profession and mankind are really and truly indebted for first reducing into practice the production of insensibility by ether inhalation, with the object of annihilating pain in surgical operation.—*Dr. Simpson on Etherization in Surgery, Edin. Monthly Journal, Sept.* 1847.

Oh, mesmerism's not the thing,
Nor railway traffic neither,
Nor sherry-cobbler, nor gin-sling,
But just Sulphuric Ether.

So if you'll keep, etc.

That wonderments will never cease
In physic, is most sure, Sir;
"The vapours" once were a disease,[1]
But now they are a cure, Sir.
So if aches and pains should torture you,
On Ether spend your money;
You may be drawn and quartered too,
And only think it funny.

But if you'll keep, etc.

Folks used to think a surgeon's knife
Was dreadful beyond measure;
But now they know, as sure as life,
An operation's pleasure.
And those that at the histories
Of surgery would cry, Sir,
Now coolly talk of bistouries
As something "slick and spry," Sir.

But if you'll keep, etc.

Intoxication's a disgrace,
Teetotalism growls, Sir;
But ladies, with unblushing face,
Get now as drunk as owls, Sir.

[1] Hysterics, Vapours. *Hysteria* Sauvages; Cullen. *Affectiones Spasmodicæ Vagæ; Spasmi Vagi*, Jos. Frank. *Passio Hysterica, Isterismo*, Mal de la Mere, La Mere.—*Craigie's Practice of Physic*, vol. ii. p. 1182.

A small thing makes the odds betwixt
What's right and what's a sin, Sir;
With just one atom water mixed,
The Ether becomes gin, Sir.[1]

But if you'll keep your minds at ease,
And now compose your faces,
I'll prove my statements, if you please,
By some authentic cases.

Case first.—A lady, aged eighteen,
Both nervous-like and funky,
Came to the dentist to the Queen,[2]
A-grinnin' like a monkey.
Quoth she—"I'm in a dreadful fix,
I've got a tooth that's raging;
And ever since last night at six,
The pain there's no assuaging."

But if you'll keep, etc.

Says he—"Oh, that you needn't mind;
We've got a new invention,
Which, if you'll try it, you will find
To pain is a prevention."

[1] These chemists (Fourcroy and Vauquelin) were of opinion that the only difference between alcohol and ether is, that the former contains twice as much water as the latter.—*Thomson's System of Chemistry*, 7th edit. vol. ii. p. 308.

Alcohol, in its pure state, may be regarded as a compound of ether and water. This will be apparent on attending to its elementary composition, which is 4 equivalents of carbon, 6 of hydrogen, and 2 of oxygen, and is represented by the formula $C^4 H^6 O^2 = C^4 H^5 O + H O$, the formula for 1 ether + 1 water.—*Christison's Dispensatory*, 2d ed. p. 63.

[2] Nasmyth, Robert, F.R.C.S.E., surgeon-dentist to the Queen, 78 George Street.—*Edinburgh Directory. Ob.* 12th May 1870.

He gave the Ether; fast asleep
At once she was at ease, Sir;
The tooth was in the bason deep,
Before you could say pease, Sir.

But if you'll keep, etc.

She woke and said—"Now do begin,
I'll keep my head quite steady;"
Says he, a-wipin' of her chin,
"Your tooth is out already!"
At first she thought the dentist joked,
And then she thought he whacked, Sir;
Till in her cheek her tongue she poked,
And found it was a fact, Sir.

But if you'll keep, etc.

Case second.—An unhealthy lad
To Duncan's ward came in, Sir,[1]
And showed to him a shocking bad
Disease upon his shin, Sir.
Says Duncan, twirling round his probe—
"I fear that this won't cobble;
'Twill never make a decent job,
And all your life you'll hobble."

But if you'll keep, etc.

"To-morrow," to his clerk says he,
"We'll call a consultation;
My colleagues will at once agree,
I'm sure, on amputation."

[1] *Vide* note 4, page 9.

He gave the Ether; off the leg
Was snipped, before their noses;
Chap woke, and found a wooden peg
Where there had been necrosis.
But if you 'll keep, etc.

Syme takes off legs just at the knee,[1]
And Miller just below it;[2]
So quickly and from pain so free,
The patients never know it.
Like that new Water Company,
The Caledonian land on,
They 'll waken up some day, you 'll see,
Without a leg to stand on.[3]
But if you 'll keep, etc.

But Simpson he beats all these chaps;
This wondrous little man, Sir,
You may not yet have heard, perhaps,
Of his new-fashioned plan, Sir;
Why, backed by Ether, now he finds
The ladies' tribulation—
That used with dread to fill their minds—
Is just a *re-creation*.[4]
But if you 'll keep, etc.

[1] On Amputation at the Knee, by James Syme, Esq.—*Edinburgh Monthly Journal, May* 1845.

[2] The operation [amputation at the knee] is easily enough accomplished, but experience seems to have unequivocally decided on this revival unfavourably.—*Miller, Practice of Surgery*, 2d edit. p. 691.

[3] *Edinburgh and Leith New Water-Works Bill.*—It is our painful task to announce to our readers the loss of this Bill in the Committee of the House of Commons on the merits, etc. etc.—*Caledonian Mercury, 29th June* 1846.

[4] The second patient, a lady of a timid temperament, and very appre-

Now, Ether 's all right in its way,
But then there 's no concealing
It operates, as all men say,
By deadening the feeling.
Now, always with us merry men
Our feeling 's good and right, Sir;
So we 'll drop the Ether, boys! and then
We 'll stick to claret bright, Sir.

And since your minds are now at ease,
You 'll hear no more about it;
So pass the bottle, if you please,
For singin' 's dry without it.

hensive about the result of her present confinement, was induced with difficulty to inhale the ether vapour; but it speedily affected her when once she did begin. In two or three minutes she pushed the apparatus from her mouth, talked excitedly to a female relative present, but was immediately induced to recommence the inhalation; and subsequently, according to her own statement, "wakened out of a dream," and unexpectedly found her child born.—*Professor Simpson on the Inhalation of Ether in the Practice of Midwifery, Edinburgh Monthly Journal, March* 1847.

Celsus.

"I'm more an ancient Roman than a Dane.
. . . . .
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon."—*Hamlet.*

'TWAS night, and briskly blazed the parlour fire;
I had achieved my drudgery diurnal,
Put off my boots, foul with the evening's mire,
And sate me down to read the Monthly Journal.
I was in lazy mood, and inward vowed,
If, after such a day of heavy toil,
To any trifling case I were called out,
I'd "flipe"[1] the patient, Sir, with croton oil.
I opened Simpson's paper, which he wrote
To prove—(no matter what—if you are minded
To study it yourself, then in the note
Below, you'll learn precisely where to find it).[2]
A dozen lines I scarcely had got o'er,
With due reflection on that reflex matter,
When a tremendous ring at the front door
Startled me from my reading with its clatter.
"Ah! botheration," said I, in a fume,
"Some fellow flatulent from Christmas feast;
Sick with mince pies and claret, I presume;
I've vowed it, and I'll crotonize the beast!"

[1] FLIPE, FLYPE, *v. q.*, to pull off anything, as a stocking, *by turning it inside out.—Jamieson's Dictionary of the Scottish Language.*

[2] The Attitude and Positions, Natural and Præternatural etc. etc., Acts of the Reflex or Excitomotory System. By J. Y. Simpson, M.D., F.R.S.E., etc.—*Edinburgh Monthly Journal, Jany.* 1849, p. 423.

Straightway my servant, with mysterious face,
And an expression bordering on a grin
Or a half-smothered snigger, entering, says—
"A person asking, Sir, if you 're within."
That word, "a person," is a thing I hate;
The announcement of a gentleman or lady
Is quite another thing. As sure as fate,
A "person" 's something coming to invade you.
A "person" calls for water-rates and taxes;
A "person" brings you in his "little bill;"
A "person" comes with steel pens and cheap waxes,
And pesters you to buy against your will;
A "person" calls for poor-rates—(Botheration!
These poor-rates half our incomes up will swallow soon);
A "person" comes with begging supplication,
All duly countersigned by Dr. Alison;[1]—
In short, a "person" is a bore, a nuisance,
And not by that Removal Act amended,
Which so appropriately, a month or two since,
The Privy Council have to us extended.[2]

[1] Alison, W. P., M.D., F.R.S.E., etc., Emeritus Professor of Practice of Medicine in the University of Edinburgh. *Ob.* 22d September 1859.

"That Dr. Alison may have acquired a habit of greater profusion his public charities, than was either just to himself or beneficial as regards the objects of it, may be admitted without prejudice to the soundness of his theoretical views on the subject. It was the nature of the man to be sensitively alive to the cry of distress; and it was perhaps the one great defect in his character—the failing that 'leaned to virtue's side'—that he was constitutionally unable to resist importunity, or to do anything, indeed, which implied harshness towards individuals, even in the way of duty."—*Edinburgh Medical Journal*, vol. v. p. 483.

Whereas it is expedient that the Nuisances Removal and Diseases

No wonder that I asked, in angry tone,
"What sort of person wants me now to-night?"
"Why," said my servant, "he's the queerest one
Of all the queer ones ever met my sight;
He's wrapped up in a blanket." "What!" I cried;
"He's wrapped up in a blanket, did you say?
Some lunatic escaped from Morningside;
It must be culpable neglect in Skae."[1]
No little puzzled what on earth to do,
I went out to the door myself to see;
And then the moment that I came in view,
A burst of Latin was let loose on me.
"Right as a trivet in my diagnosis!
Mad as a hare in March!" at once I said;
A case for croton oil in whacking doses,
A blister to the nucha—shave the head.
But first to soothe him gently, I exclaimed—
"Know you no English, must you Latin speak?"—
(Not that I of my Latin was ashamed,
But then I feared that he might take to Greek;
For if he had, I frankly must acknowledge
He'd there have had the better of me far;

Prevention Act, 1848, should be amended, and that the powers of the General Board of Health should be extended; be it therefore enacted by the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, that this Act shall be deemed part of the Nuisances Removal and Diseases Prevention Act, 1848, and shall be construed accordingly.—AN ACT TO AMEND THE NUISANCES REMOVAL AND DISEASES PREVENTION ACT, 1848.—[1st August 1849.]—*Journal of Public Health, September* 1849.

[1] Royal Edinburgh Lunatic Asylum, Morningside: resident physician, David Skae, M.D.—*Edinburgh Almanac.*

The whole of Carson's[1] Greek I left at college,
Snug in the custody of old Dunbar.)[2]—
"O yes!" he answered me, in tone polite,
"English or Latin's all the same to me;
Only I thought the classical was right
When I addressed myself to an M.D."
"Pooh, pooh!" said I, "that notion's too romantic,
The College of Physicians here itself
Has voted Latin pharmacy pedantic,
And put that language quite upon the shelf."[3]
But I forget:—I never yet have told
What like my friend was with the Latin tongue.
He was a man some sixty summers old,[4]
And active-looking yet, although not young:

[1] A. R. Carson, LL.D., Rector of the High School of Edinburgh, 1820-1845.

[2] George Dunbar, Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh, 1805-1852.

[3] That we have departed from all previous practice of Colleges in this country by publishing our Pharmacopœia in the English language, is an alteration which, as it has been sanctioned by the almost unanimous consent of the College, will also, we apprehend, meet with the general approbation of the medical public. The time is perhaps gone by when public opinion required, as a test of learning, that a College of Medicine should write in Latin alone; and it may even be questioned whether the practice be not open to censure as leading to risks of inaccuracy in preparing and compounding drugs.—*Pharmacopœia of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh*, Preface, p. vi.

[4] Quo vero anno urbis Celsus natus mortuusve sit adeo parum inter auctores convenit ut ne seculum quidem quo floruerit idem omnibus videatur . . . . Sequitur hunc solum illud reliquum de medicina opus in primis ipsis Cæsaris annis contexuisse . . . . Paucis post Themisonem annis scripsit Celsus . . . . Per illud in Celsi prefatione, "Themison nuper ipse," intellige viginti annos intercedere (atque vix nuper dixisset quidem auctor tam castigate locutus de spatio adeo longinquo); et annum urbis 723 vel decimum primum principatus Augusti post Antonium oppressum Celso tribues . . . . His perpensis,

His robe, in ample folds around him thrown,
Which my domestic for a blanket took,
I at a glance saw was the Roman gown,
As *toga* writ in Dr. Adam's book.[1]
I asked his name, begged to know what he wanted,
Ringing my bell at that time of the night.
"My name, Sir," he replied, "I take for granted
You know, although you know not me by sight:
My name is Celsus."[2] "Celsus!" I said, with joy;—
"You fine old Roman doctor, is that you?
I'm very glad to see you, my old boy:
Aulus Cornelius Celsus! how d'ye do?
Step in, old chap—this wind blows rather hard
For naked legs cast in Italian mould;
Why did you not at once send in your card,
And not keep shivering here, man, in the cold?
Come in, you'll be the better for a snack,
After so long a journey as you've come;
My wife will get some supper in a crack—
A Finnan haddock, and a single 'tum.'"

Celsum ad 53 Augusti vel A.U. 760, ad annum vero Salutis nostræ septimum durasse patebit. Eo enim anno Ovidius Tomos exilio exactus est. Sed Celsus eo tempore, nondum Augustus mortuus est; nec ille annis fractus, ut qui de Ovidio apud Pontum invisendo paulo ante locutus esset. Sequitur Celsum fato concessisse inter septimum et decimum nostræ æræ nedum senem.—*Eduardus Milligan, Dissertatio de Celsi Vita, Edinburgi,* M.DCCC.XXVI.

[1] The TOGA was a loose, flowing, woollen robe which covered the whole body, round and close at the bottom, but open at the top down to the girdle, without sleeves, so that the right arm was at liberty, and the left supported a part (*lacinia*, a flap or lappet) of the toga, which was drawn up and thrown back over the left shoulder.—*Adam's Roman Antiquities*, Dr. Boyd's edition, 1849.

[2] AULUS CORNELIUS CELSUS, scriptorum medicorum quos vetustate longa seculorum barbaries reliquit, tam prudentia quam diligentia princeps, Latinitate, arteque scribendi, non medicos tantum, sed omnes ad tempus suum de artibus auctores longe superat.—*Milligan, op. cit.*, p. 7.

Old Celsus ate his haddock, mixed two tumblers,
And drank them like a man of common sense;
None of your useless, dull, teetotal grumblers,
That think a glass of toddy an offence.
I've only known one other heathen doctor—
At least a *Pagan*, which is quite the same—
And he is just as skilful a concocter
Of a good 'tum' as any man you'll name.
My Pagan friend, moreover, has this merit—
Whatever the teetotallers may think it—
To-day he gives us a good glass of claret,
And, like a gentleman, he helps to drink it.[1]
So here the Roman and your poet sat,
And as we quietly consumed our toddy,
Enjoyed a quiet, confidential chat—
Refreshing mind whilst stimulating body.
"Celsus," said I, "where did you come from last?
Are you from the Elysian fields direct?
Or have you been on earth for some time past,
The modern state of Europe to inspect?"
"Why," he replied, "as soon as leave to come
Away from Pluto's realm was granted me,
I went, of course, immediately to Rome,
To see if things were as they used to be.
I found that Rome was quite another place
From what it was beneath Augustus' sway;
The Romans, too, were a degenerate race
From what they were in that great monarch's day:
They neither had an Emperor nor King,
A Consul, Tribune, Quæstor, nor a Prætor;
But 'stead of these a would-be regal thing,
Called Pio Nono,—a poor, useless creature,

[1] Pagan, Samuel, M.D. *Vide* note, p. 7. *Ob.* 23d September 1867.

Who had run off because they made some riot,
And left his people to their own device;[1]
In my day they 'd have all been soon made quiet
By one of Cæsar's cohorts in a trice.
I was disgusted; so from Rome I started,
And bent my steps towards the Grecian shore,
Where learned sages in my day imparted
To us young Romans their Athenian lore.
If it was bad in Rome, in Greece 'twas worse,
Too true it is that *tempora mutantur;*
So I was forced again to change my course,
And started off from Athens in a canter.
I now resolved to trust myself to chance—
Where next I 'd go, I neither knew nor cared;
So in a week I found myself in France,
And straightway to its capital repaired.
If it was bad in Rome, and worse in Greece,
In France 'twas badness in the last degree;
They called confusion, anarchy, dispeace,
Their Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité![2]

[1] At an hour previously agreed on the Pope retired into a private room, for the purpose, apparently, of conferring with the gentleman I have just named, and there he disguised himself in the livery of the Bavarian Legation. In a few minutes the carriage of the minister was called, and the Count de Spaur, followed by the Pope disguised as his servant, descended the grand staircase and entered his carriage, the Pope mounting on the box alongside the coachman. The artifice succeeded, etc.—*Letter from Times' Correspondent; Scotsman, Dec.* 8, 1848.

[2] The storm which for three months has been darkening and muttering over France has burst at last with desolating fury. At one blast the whole fabric of the Revolution of February has been overthrown—its men deposed—its constitution superseded—its principles turned to horrible mockery. The champions of "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," are massacring one another by thousands in the streets of Paris.—*Scotsman, June* 28, 1848.

With fury the Republicans were red,
With fear the women had grown white all o'er;
The sober folks looked blue, and so they said
The nation furnished forth its tricolor.
Though I was used to breathe the Stygian air,
France was a mighty deal too hot for me;
So I resolved no more to linger there,
But started off, the Britons next to see:
I knew, when Julius Cæsar was in Gaul,
They used with petty wars sometimes to tease us;
At Rome we laughed at them, and used to call
Them *toto orbe penitus divisos.*[1]
I came to London; there I found, in short,
That you barbarian Britons had become
(Although my nationality it hurt)
The *rerum domini*, instead of Rome.[2]
That London is the greatest place on earth,
Believe me, my dear fellow, it is true;
London alone affords a proper berth
For a young man of talent, such as you."

"None of your gammon! That 's been tried already;
Go, tell your London notions now to Syme;[3]

[1] Et penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos.—VIRGIL, *Eclog.* I. 67.

[2] Romanos rerum dominos, gentemque togatam.—VIRGIL, *Æn.* I. 67.

[3] On 13th February 1847 he went to London as Surgeon and Lecturer on Clinical Surgery to University College Hospital, with, however, the distinct understanding that he was not to be called on to teach Systematic Surgery in addition to his clinical work. He was received by the pupils with enthusiasm; and we have often heard him describe the manner in which he was able to make improvements, not only in the method of giving, but also in the manner of receiving instruction. He commenced practice in London with energy, and

Ask his opinion, and, *experto crede,*
You 'll get the truth of London out of him.
You say that London 's great;—True, it has grown
So huge, that if you judge it by the mileage,
Compared with it, our quiet little town
Is not much better than a freestone village:
But if you mean in manners or in men,
In physic or in science, my dear fellow,
That London is superior to us—then
I differ from you, Celsus, *toto cœlo.*
Look at their schools of physic; when they need
A new Professor to instruct their youth,
Do they confide in those of Cockney breed?
Come now, be honest, Celsus, own the truth.
Soon as a Chair is vacant, London 's down
Smack upon Edinburgh like a harpy,[1]

with a gratifying measure of success. With the bulk of the profession in London, and with the professional press, his relations do not appear to have been quite happy.

Without being ill received, or having anything tangible to complain of, he did not feel that he was cordially welcomed; and with the cheers of his old friends and pupils, who had thronged a farewell banquet, still ringing in his ears, we can believe that his earnest, warm-hearted nature felt a great blank. He found too that London work was hard; the streets were long, and patients far apart. He missed his quiet Edinburgh leisure and the old familiar faces, and we can believe that he was not sorry when the last straw was laid on the burdened back, and the request that he should teach the drudgery of Systematic Surgery, in addition to his own clinical work, gave him a valid excuse for throwing up the ungenial position, in which he had never fairly taken root, and returning to his old quarters. This he did in July, barely four months after his departure.—*Edinburgh Medical Journal,* August 1870, p. 184.

[1] Of the thirteen Professors of whom the Medical Faculty of the University of Edinburgh at present consists, seven were formerly teachers in the Edinburgh Extra-Academical School, viz., Professors

Takes Edward Turner,[1] William Fergusson,[2]
Poor Robert Liston,[3] honest William Sharpey.[4]
Then there 's their Hospitals: in point of size
I own at once that there they beat us quite;—
St. George's, St. Bartholomew's, and Guy's,
Would put our small Infirmary out of sight.
But if you search the whole of London town,
Where is the Hospital so richly fee'd
That it has salmon-fishings of its own,
As we have got, my boy, upon the Tweed?[5]
There 's an advantage! Who would that forego,
Since now the Managers, in proper spirit,

Syme, Simpson, Gregory, Henderson, Miller, Balfour, and Bennett; and, not to speak of times long past, it may be mentioned that the late Mr. Liston, and Professors Sharpey and Fergusson, were transferred from it to University College and King's College, London, etc. etc.—*Dr. Alexander Wood's Rational Medicine, Edin.* 1849, p. 8, *footnote.*

[1] Turner, Edward, M.D., F.R.S. L. and E., Professor of Chemistry in University College, London. *Ob.* 12th February 1836.

[2] Fergusson, Sir William, Bart., 16 George Street, Hanover Square, W., F.R.C.S. Edin., 1829; F.R.C.S. Eng. (Hon.), 1844; Pres. R.C.S. Eng., Sergeant-surgeon to Her Majesty the Queen, etc.—*Medical Directory* 1872.

[3] Liston, Robert, F.R.C.S., Ed., Professor of Clinical Surgery, University College, London. *Ob.* 7th December 1847.

[4] Sharpey, William, Lawnbank, Hampstead, N.W., and University College, W.C., M.D. Edin., 1823, LL.D., etc., Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in University College.—*Medical Directory*, 1872.

[5] The Rev. James Goldie, by his disposition and settlement, dated 11th December 1847, conveyed his whole estate to certain trustees, with instructions, after providing for the payment of his debts, and certain legacies and annuities, to pay over the residue, when converted into money (with the exception of a salmon fishery, which was not to be sold), to the treasurer of the Royal Infirmary, for behoof of that institution, under burden of paying annually the sum of £5 to the Parish of Temple.—*Records of Managers of Royal Infirmary.*

Mean to assign them *in perpetuo*
To us, the Doctors, as a mark of merit?[1]
Then there 's their Journal.[2] If of his Review
John Forbes, in London writing, could no more make,[3]
How do you think this new affair will do
At Putney, edited, they say, by Cormack?[4]
There Williams writes that Bennett has no merit
To prove that oil and eggs our tissues cause;[5]
I own that for myself I ne'er could bear it,
To think that human blood was salad sauce.[6]

[1] A delicate little hint, which, however, has not been taken.—*Typog. Diab.*

[2] *London Journal of Medicine, Prospectus.*—The London Journal of Medicine is to appear in monthly numbers, constituting an annual volume of considerably above one thousand pages, etc. etc.—*January* 1, 1849.

[3] In the table given below, the actual sale of the Review is specified for each year from the commencement to the close of the work, together with the cost of production, and the total money-produce. From this table it will appear that the Review, regarded as a commercial speculation, was by no means a successful undertaking, as it left the proprietor very considerably a loser, even while making a present to the concern (as he has done in drawing up the table) not only of the interest of the money expended in the first instance, but of the whole of his editorial labour, and all his own literary contributions.—*Postscript to No. XLVIII. of the British and Foreign Medical Review, by the editor and proprietor, Dr. Forbes.*

[4] Cormack, Sir John Rose, Knt. Bachr.; M.D. Edin., M.D. Paris, 7 Rue d'Aguesseau, Paris, Physician to the Hertford British Hospital, etc., 1872.

[5] *Vide* London Journal of Medicine, No. I., page 14, *footnote.*

[6] *How to make a Structure.*

If we place a drop of *oil* and another of *albumen*[1] on a slip of glass, and allow the one to flow over the

How to make Salad Sauce.

Put into a large basin the yolks only of two fine and very fresh *eggs*,[1] carefully freed from the

[1] The albumen of the yoke is identical in its nature with that of the white.—*Percira on Food and Diet*, p. 216.

But what of Williams' paper is the issue?
Without a microscope, it 's clearly seen
He only makes a heterogeneous tissue,
Mixing cod liver oil with human spleen.
What should I do in London? Be a 'pure'?
Or should I learn that mystic trick of fence
By which apothecaries can secure
For draughts worth twopence-halfpenny, eighteenpence?
Think what I 'd lose if I should go away,
Though double fees should follow the transition,
I 'd only have more income-tax to pay,
And, after all, not better my condition.
What! lose my supper once a month with Brown?[1]
What! absent from my post of duty quarterly,
When Omond sends me intimation down,
To join the Æsculapian on Saturday?[2]

other, a pellicle will be observed to have formed. This, examined microscopically, presents the appearance of a membrane sometimes puckered and thrown into elegant folds . . . . If now we unite the two globules by means of friction, we form an *emulsion*.[1]—*Dr. Bennett on the Structural Relation of Oil and Albumen, Edin. Monthly Journal, Sept.* 1847.

germs, with a little salt and cayenne, stir them well together, then add about a tea-spoonful of the *purest salad oil*, and work the mixture round with a wooden spoon until it appears like *cream*.[1] —*Modern Cookery, by Eliza Acton*, p. 113.

[1] The MEDICO-CHIRURGICAL CLUB meet in Douglas's Hotel on Thursday evening, at 9 o'clock.—W. B.—*Monthly Billet.*

[2] THE ÆSCULAPIAN will meet in Barry's Hotel, Queen Street, on Saturday, the_____day of_____
Business at five o'clock. Dinner precisely at half-past five. Coffee and bill at half-past seven.—R. OMOND, *Sec.*—*Quarterly Billet.*

[1] Cow's milk is an opaque white *emulsive* liquid.—*Pereira on Food and Diet*, p. 248.

What! absent yearly, when with wine so good
At the Harveian I should wet my throttle,
And typify the circulating blood,
By proper circulation of the bottle?[1]

But above all, what would become of me
If February came, and brought no day for
The merry meeting of the N. T. D.,
The claret and champagne I never pay for?
Think how I 'd outward groan, and inward mutter,
Grow snappish at my wife, and gruffly cry 'Humph!'
To know that useless lay my private shutter,
That should have served to bear me home in triumph.
Hark! though the Chairman twice has order called,
How the whole table pours its jokes on Simson,[2]
And tells him that he 's grown so old and bald,
They can't expect to get champagne from him soon.[3]
What makes Burn Murdoch,[4] who 's a sober wight,
His intercostals shake with such felicity?

[1] HARVEIAN SOCIETY.—The sixty-seventh anniversary of this Society will be held in the British Hotel, 70 Queen Street, on Thursday, the 12th day of April next. Dr. PAGAN, *Chairman.* Dr. SMITH, *Croupier.*

The Society will meet at four o'clock, when the Harveian Discourse will be delivered by the President.

Dinner will be put upon the table *precisely* at five o'clock, and tea and coffee will be ready at eight, for the accommodation of those members whose professional engagements may require them to leave the company at an early hour, etc.

R. OMOND, M.D.,
J. H. BENNETT, M.D., } *Secretaries.*

—*Annual Billet.*

[2] Simson, James, M.D., F.R.C.S.E., 3 Glenfinlas Street.—*Edinburgh Directory.*

[3] They did get it however, in honour of 21st October 1859.

[4] Murdoch, W. Burn, M.D., Surgeon, 4 Bruntsfield Terrace.—*Edinburgh Directory.*

'Tis that galvanic fellow, Thomas Wright,[1]
Who 's making *shocking* puns by electricity.
Just look at Pagan—that alone 's enough
To show what mirth we here have in possession—
He can't find time to take his pinch of snuff,
Laugh follows laugh in such profuse succession.
What! all this happening and I away!
Let the Sea-Serpent swallow London sooner,
And prove to satisfaction that M'Quhae[2]
Was right when he described him as a 'stunner.'

No! Celsus, no! I 'll here contented sit;
To others I shall leave the London pother;

[1] Wright, T. Strethill, M.D., F.R.C.P.E., etc., 55 Northumberland Street.—*Edinburgh Directory.*

On a Portable Electro-magnetic Machine, by Dr. Thomas Wright. —*Edinburgh Monthly Journal, August* 1845.

Description of, and mode of applying an Electro-magnetic Machine, by Dr. Thomas Wright.—*Ibid., April* 1848.

[2] Great interest was excited in 1848 by an account of a great sea serpent, seen in lat. 24° 44′ S. and long. 9° 20′ E., and therefore in the South Atlantic Ocean, near the Tropic of Capricorn, and not very far from the coast of Africa, by the officers and crew of Her Majesty's frigate *Dædalus.* It was not, as in other cases, in bright and fine weather, but in dark and cloudy weather, and with a long ocean swell. The animal was swimming rapidly, and with its head and neck above water. Captain M'Quhae, in his Report to the Admiralty, describes it with confidence as "an enormous serpent, with head and shoulders kept about four feet constantly above the surface of the sea;" and he adds, "As nearly as we could approximate by comparing it with the length of what our maintopsail-yard would show in the water, there was at the very least 60 feet of the animal *à fleur d'eau,* no portion of which was, to our perception, used in propelling it through the water, either by vertical or horizontal undulation.—*Chambers's Cyclopædia,* vol. viii. p. 587.

And not, like Æsop's dog, let go my bit,
Because I see the shadow of another."[1]

Celsus had now drunk out his second noggin—
I tried to get him to concoct an "eke;"[2]
He said he positively must be jogging,
But promised to come back within a week.
Whether or no he 'll keep his word, we 'll see;
He 's a good fellow, so I hope he 'll come:
Meanwhile he 's gone to found an N. T. D.,
On Edinburgh principles, at Rome.

Let 's drink to his success; and when next year
We come to Douglas's, if he be near it,
We 'll write and ask him to his dinner here:
So, please to help yourself, and pass the claret.

[1] Et quem tenebat ore, dimisit cibum
Nec, quem petebat, adeo potuit adtingere.
Phaedri Fab. I. iv.

[2] EIK, EKE, *s.*, an addition.—*Jamieson's Dictionary.*

The Battle o' Glen Tilt.

AIR—"Shirra' Muir."

"O CAM' ye here to hear a lilt,
Or ha'e a crack wi' me, man;
Or was ye at the Glen o' Tilt,
An' did the shindy see, man?"
"I saw the shindy sair and teugh,
The flytin' there was loud and rough;
The Duke cam' o'er,
Wi' gillies four,
To mak' a stour
An' drive Balfour
Frae 'yont the Hielan' hills, man.

The Sassenach chap they ca' Balfour,
Wi' ither five or sax, man,
Frae 'yont the braes o' Mar cam' o'er,
Wi' boxes on their backs, man.[1]

[1] On Saturday last, August 21, a party of naturalists, headed by a learned Professor, left Braemar, and proceeded by gigs to Croachlach, whence they walked through Glen Tilt by a horse road, which they had learned was the public road between Braemar and Blair Athole.—*Scotsman, 28th August* 1847.

Some thocht he was a chapman chiel—
Some thocht they cam' the deer to steal;[1]
But nae ane saw
Them, after a',
Do ocht ava'
Against the law,
Amang the Hielan' hills, man.[2]

"Some folk 'll tak' a heap o' fash
For unco little en', man;
An' meikle time an' meikle cash
For nocht ava' they 'll spen', man.
Thae chaps had come a hunder' mile[3]
For what was hardly worth their while:
'Twas a' to poo
Some gerse[4] that grew
On Ben M'Dhu,
That ne'er a coo
Would care to pit her mouth till.[5]

[1] Their sketching tools may have looked to his eyes like elaborate air-guns, and their hammers like clumsy but effective machines for knocking down the "squeakers,"—in short, the whole troop probably appeared to the Highlandman as a bold body of Perthshire poachers. —*Daily News*, 3*d September* 1847.

[2] The Professor and his companions were bent only upon pushing their conquests into the flowery and vegetable kingdom—an innocent enough warfare, one should think!—*Edinburgh Weekly Chronicle, September* 18, 1847.

[3] A party, consisting of Messrs. Murchison, Gilby, Ivory, Hewetson, Morse, Douglas, H. Balfour, and myself, met at Aberdeen on the 6th of August 1847, with the view of making an extended botanical trip.—*Professor Balfour, in Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal, July* 1848, p. 123.

[4] GERS, GERSE, GYRS, *subst.*, grass.—*Jamieson's Dictionary of the Scottish Language.*

[5] On the 13th August the party proceeded to Ben Muich Dhui,

"The gerse was poo't, the boxes fill't,
An' syne the hail clamjamphrie [1]
Would tak' the road by Glen o' Tilt,
Awa' to whar' they cam' frae.
The Duke at this put up his birse;
He vowed, in English and in Erse,[2]
That Saxon fit [3]
Su'd never get
A'e single bit
Throughout his yet,[4]
Amang the Hielan' hills, man.

"Balfour he had a mind as weel
As ony Duke could ha'e, man;
Quo' he, 'There 's ne'er a kilted chiel
Shall drive us back this day, man.

and examined particularly the cliffs on the north-eastern side, where specimens of *Arabis petræa*, *Veronica alpina* in fine flower, *Stellaria cerastoides*, *Hieracium alpinum*, in various forms, and *Carex vaginata*, were found. On the crumbling granite rocks near the summit, *Silene acaulis*, *Luzula spicata* and *arcuata*, abound.—*Balfour*, *op. cit.*, p. 125.

Luzula arcuata, the smallest of our *luzulæ*, and one of the rarest and most distinct.

Luzula spicata, 6-8 inches high, slender, leaves small, narrow, etc.—*Hooker's British Flora.*

[1] CLAMJAMPHRIE, CLANJAMFRIE, *subst.*, a term used to denote low, worthless people, or those who are viewed in this light.—*Jamieson's Dictionary of the Scottish Language, Supplement*, 1825.

[2] I feel quite assured, however, that his Grace's understanding is, that no ancient road such as you refer to exists from Blair to Braemar; and, consequently, I feel pretty confident that the Duke's determination will be to resist all attempt by the public to establish any right of way through Glen Tilt.—*Letter from James Fergusson, Esq., W.S., to William Duncan, Esq., S.S.C., Scotsman, September* 28, 1847.

[3] FIT, *subst.*, foot.—*Jamieson's Dictionary of the Scottish Language.*

[4] YET, YETT, YHATE, *subst.*, a gate.—*Ibid.*

It 's justice and it 's public richt;
We 'll pass Glen Tilt afore the nicht;
For Dukes shall we
Care a'e bawbee?
The road 's as free
To you an' me
As to his Grace himsel', man.'[1]

"The Duke was at an unco loss
To manage in a hurry,
Sae he sent roun' the fiery cross,[2]
To ca' the clan o' Murray.
His men cam' down frae glen an' hill—
Four gillies and a writer chiel[3]—
In kilts and hose,
A' to oppose

[1] When they had proceeded eight or nine miles through the Glen, they encountered a party consisting of two gentlemen (said to be Captain Oswald of Dunnikier, and a Captain Drummond) and six attendants, with dogs, guns, etc. The party were challenged for walking on what was said to be a private road, and were ordered to return to Braemar. This they politely, but firmly, refused to do, stating that they were unconscious of committing any trespass, and that the road, so far as they knew, was not private, but had been used as a public one from time immemorial. The Professor stated that he had travelled along it with the late Professor Graham and Dr. Greville in 1830.—*Scotsman*, 28*th August* 1847.

[2] The rest of this eventful evening seems to have been employed by the scientific gentlemen in congratulating each other on their escape; and on the part of the Duke in sending the fiery cross round the country to raise his clan.—*Times*, 7*th September* 1847.

[3] . . . The noble Duke, accompanied by two gentlemen (said to be Mr. Alexander Stewart, W.S., Edinburgh, and Mr. Evans, a painter from London) and some attendants, made his appearance.—*Scotsman*, 28*th August* 1847.

. . . The Duke then sent Mr. Stewart and two other attendants after them to watch their motions.—*Ibid.*

Their Saxon foes,
An' gi'e them blows,
An' drive them frae the hills, man.

"When Hielan' chiefs, in days o' yore,
Ga'ed oot to fecht the foe, man,
The piper he ga'ed on afore,
The line o' march to show, man.
But noo they 've ta'en anither plan—
They ha'e a pipe for ilka man:
Nae chanter guid
Blaws pibroch loud,
But a' the crowd
Noo blaw a cloud
Frae cutty pipes o' clay, man.[1]

"Balfour he wadna fled frae fire,
Frae smoke he wadna flee, man;
The Saxons had but a'e desire—
It was the foe to see, man.
Quo' he to them—'My bonny men,
Tak' tent when ye gang down the glen;
Keep calm an' douce,
An' quiet as puss,
For what 's the use
To mak' a fuss
Amang the Hielan' hills, men.'[2]

[1] The Duke here produced a clay pipe, which he began to smoke industriously; and the other gentlemen followed his example.—*Scotsman*, 1*st September* 1847.

[2] The forbearance, mingled with firmness, of the gentlemen who have been so grossly treated, is very remarkable; but other people may not be disposed so calmly to endure oppression.—*Scotsman*, *August* 28, 1847.

"To keep them cool aboot the head
The Sassenachs did atten', man;
The Duke himsel' was cool indeed,
But at the ither en', man;
For win' and rain blew up Glen Tilt,
An' roun' his houghs an' through his kilt,
Baith loud an' lang,
An' cauld an' strang,
Wi' mony a bang,
It soughed alang
Amang the Hielan' hills, man.[1]

"The Sassenachs they cam' doon to Blair,
And marched as bauld as brass, man;[2]
The Glen was closed when they got there,
And out they couldna pass, man:[3]
The Duke he glower'd in through the yet,
An' said that out they sudna get;[4]—
'Twas trespass clear
Their comin' here,[5]

[1] For two hours, in cold and rain, the party remained; and we are sorry to learn that the hardship thus occasioned is supposed to have seriously affected the health of one of them, the son of a distinguished Judge.—*Scottish Guardian*, 31*st August* 1847.—[Echo answers "fudge." —*Typog. Diab.*]

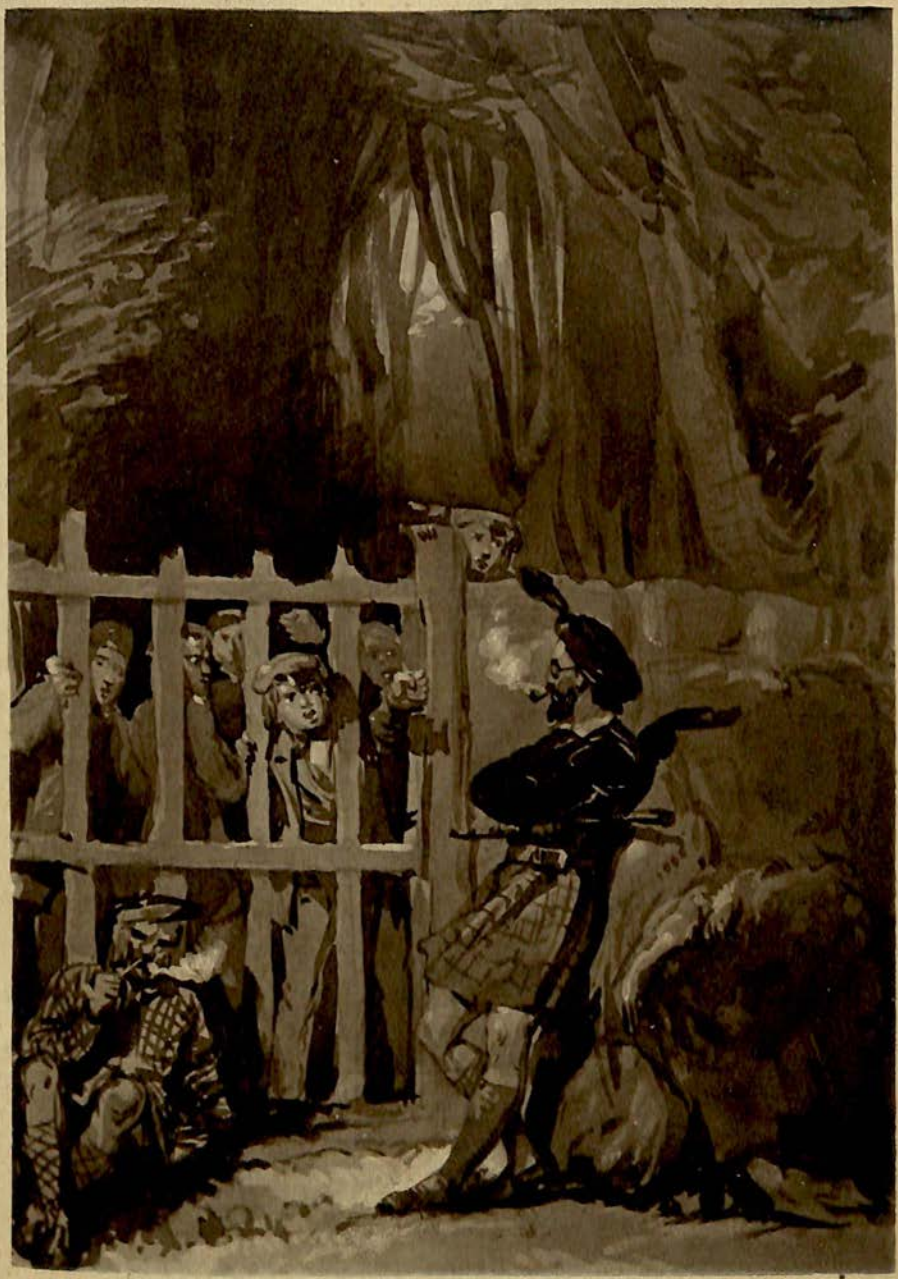
[2] Terminum curis vagor expeditus.—*Horat. Carmin.* I. xxii.

[3] At length they reached a gate just at the end of the Glen, where there is a lodge of the Duke's opposite, and found it padlocked, and a gillie on the other side, who told them they could not pass without the Duke's permission.—*Scotsman*, 1*st Sept.* 1847.

[4] The Duke then said, "Well, you must return; you don't move an inch farther, unless you break open the gate, which you may do, and take the consequences."—*Ibid.*

[5] *Duke.*—"Don't spoil my walks with stamping. Come off that walk every one of you! Every step you take there is a trespass—a new trespass!"—*Ibid.*

NO
PASSAGE
THIS WAY



For they wad fear
Awa' his deer,
Amang the Hielan' hills, man.[1]

"Balfour he said it was absurd;
The Duke was in a rage, man;
He said he wadna hear a word,
Although they spak' an age, man.[2]
The mair they fleeched, the mair they spoke,
The mair the Duke blew out his smoke.[3]
He said, (guid lack!)
Balfour micht tak'
An' carry back
His Saxon pack
Ayont the Hielan' hills, man.

"The gangin' back was easier said
Than it was dune, by far, man;
The nearest place to rest their head
Was up ayont Braemar, man:[4]

[1] The proprietors want to have deer forests, and men or their shadows frighten the deer, so that men must be expected to accommodate stags.—*Glasgow Saturday Post, Sept.* 11, 1847.

[2] *The Duke.*—"I shall not consider it an additional trespass if you return on the main walk."

Professor.—"Oh! it's a trespass, then, on the side walk, but not on the main walk."

The Duke.—"I shall not waste any more words with you; you must return."—*Scotsman, 1st Sept.* 1847.

[3] The wrathful Duke still smoked from the famous clay pipe.—*North British Mail, Sept.* 10, 1847.

[4] In fact, under such circumstances, to walk back from twenty to thirty miles was out of the question, and they flatly refused to obey the request of the Duke.—*Caledonian Mercury, Sept.* 2, 1847.

'Twas best to seek Blair Athole Inn,
For they were drookit to the skin:
Sae syne they a'
Lap o'er a wa',[1]
An' ran awa',
Wi' a guffaw,
An' left the Hielan' hills, man.

"The battle it was ended then,
Afore 't was focht ava', man;
An' noo some ither chaps are gaen
To tak' the Duke to law, man.
Ochon! your Grace, my bonny man,
An' ye had sense as ye ha'e lan',
Ye 'd been this hour
Ayont the po'er
O' lawyers dour,
An' let Balfour
Gang through your Hielan' hills, man."[2]

[1] Here was a pretty situation for a party of scientific gentlemen! They appear to have acted, in the first instance, upon the principle of Tam o' Shanter *in consimili casu.* Their first endeavour was to place running water between themselves and the magic owner of Glen Tilt; but, alas! the river was high, and scientific gentlemen are not usually strong swimmers. As nothing better was to be done, at last, in their desperation, they made their escape over a wall, hotly pursued by the Duke's familiars, the play of whose lower limbs was not shackled by any superfluous integuments.—*Times, 7th Sept.* 1847.

[2] COURT OF SESSION.—FIRST DIVISION.—TORRIE AND OTHERS *v.* DUKE OF ATHOLL. This case was again brought before the Court on Saturday, on a petition from the Duke of Atholl for leave to appeal to the House of Lords against the recent judgment of the Court, sustaining the title of the pursuers to insist in the action.—*Edinburgh Courant, Monday, 11th Feb.* 1850.

The A. T. D. Commemoration Concert.

AIR—Sui generis.

You bid me sing
As if the thing
Were done as soon as said, Sir;
As if a score
Of songs in store
I kept within my head, Sir;
And though to-night
The claret bright
Has barely wet my throttle,
You bid me do
What needs, you know,
At least a second bottle.

It's easy work,
Like the Grand Turk,
Or some despotic king, Sir,
For you to shout
Your orders out
To other folks to sing, Sir.
But if you felt
Yourself compelled
To ply a bard's vocation,
The making rhyme
At such a time
You 'd vote a botheration.

If I had nought
Of care or thought
But how to make an ode, Sir,

I would not find
It on my mind
So very great a load, Sir;
But then, alas!
It comes to pass,
When in poetic vein, Sir,
I find some thing
Of prose step in,
And *vain* indeed it 's then, Sir.

Perchance I 've caught
Some happy thought,
Which in a little time, Sir,
Will make a verse,
Both neat and terse,
If I can find a rhyme, Sir;
When comes a note,
By porter brought,
In Celtic haste and fury,
I must go down
To Mr. Brown,
Who wants me in a hurry.

Or Mrs. Smith,
With all her pith,
Sends up her waiting-maid, Sir,
To say the pill
Has answered ill—
Its action is delayed, *Sir.*
Then bothered *quite*
I straight must *write*
A *haustus niger* down, Sir,

And now my fine
Poetic line
For ever's lost and gone, Sir.

Then, as you know,
Each day at two[1]
My lecture must be pat, Sir,
On Scammonium
Or Stramonium,
Or some beastly drug like that, Sir;
And when that 's done,
Comes Robertson,
And says—"Dear bard, I hope, Sir,
That you will do
A thing or two
For next month's Periscope, Sir."[2]

Thus every day
There comes in play
Some thing my verse to smother,
And play the deuce
With my poor Muse
In one way or another;
So as my brains,
With all my pains,
Can nothing new unfold, Sir,

[1] *Vide* advertisements of the Medical Classes.—*Monthly Journal, October* 1849.

[2] *Monthly Journal of Medical Science*, No. I. of new series, January 1850. Communications for the editor, Dr. WILLIAM ROBERTSON, to be sent, free, to 23 George Street, Edinburgh.

Your leave I crave
To give a stave
That 's popular, though old, Sir.

Don't think I mean
To sing again
Glen Tilt, the Athole Duke, or
Balfour's affair,
For he, it 's clear,
Must yield to Joseph Hooker;[1]
For quite surpassed
And overcast,
Glen Tilt, the fight, and all, Sir,
Must now appear,
When we compare
Blair Athole with Nepaul, Sir.

By proxy now,
If you 'll allow,
My song I will produce, Sir;
And Mario 's here,
With tenor clear,
Whom now I 'll introduce, Sir;
And if his air,
You should aver,
Is sentimental trash, Sir,

[1] We have received our usual express from India, with dates from Bombay to the 17th of December. The only really important event recorded in the papers before us, is the insolence of a petty potentate, the Rajah of Sikkim, in the Bengal Presidency, in having arrested and detained the British Resident of Darjeeling, Dr. Campbell, while making a tour through his territories, together with the eminent botanist, Dr. Hooker.—*Times, quoted in Scotsman, January* 23, 1850.

I've in that case,
As buffo bass,
Engaged the old Lablache, Sir.

But though it's low,
Some folks I know,
To all Italian tones, Sir,
Prefer to have
A nigger stave,
Accomp'nied on "the bones," Sir;
And so to please
Such folks as these,
An Ethiopian 's near, Sir,
Who 'll sing to you
A song that 's new,
As presently you 'll hear, Sir.

PROGRAMME OF THE N. T. D. COMMEMORATION CONCERT.

Part First.

Aria—SIGNOR MARIO. *Don Pasquale*—DONIZETTI.

"Com' e gentil,
La notte a mezzo April."

O HOW genteel
And slim I feel,
When out I steal
To St. Andrew Square;
But in an hour
How changed my contour,
When I 've got secure
My dinner there.

Now with fatigue and fag,
And empty "carpet-bag,"[1]
My limbs I scarce can drag
Along the street;
How altered then,
When Keith's champagne
Through every vein
Sends life and heat.
O let the wine be nice,
Good waiter, do;
And see it well in ice,
I beg you, too.

And better still,
With hearty swill,
When I've had my fill
Of claret fine;
For it (how good!)
Renews the blood,
Though Andrew Wood
May it malign;
For though some heads like his
It may set in a fizz,
To me it ne'er amiss
Can come, I know;
So from his store
I'll the waiter implore
To bring '34[2]
Chateau Margaux.

[1] *Vide* note, p. 4.

[2] In the year 1834, when the average temperature during the whole year was highest, the greatest quantity of alcohol was produced.—*Mulder's Chemistry of Wine*, edited by H. BENCE JONES, M.D., F.R.S., p. 20.

So waiter look alive,
My boy, to-night,
And see that you contrive
To have all right.

* * *

Part Second.

Aria—SIGNOR LABLACHE. *Nozze di Figaro*—MOZART.

"Non più andrai farfallone amoroso."

IF you 're dry in your œsophagoso,
Or cold in the tip of your noso,
Then take of champagne a good doso,
And you 'll never complain any more.
If your throat be as dry as leather,
Or your nose turn blue in cold weather,
Or you shiver in frosts and in snows,
Or go lame with chilblains on your toes;
If these you 've got all,
Just wet your throttle
With one good bottle,
And that 's the total
To make them trot all.
If you 're dry in your œsophagoso,
Or cold in the tip of your noso,
Then take of champagne a good doso,
And you 'll never complain any more.

If you take it like a brick, Sir,
All your ills will leave you quick, Sir:
Eye as bright, Sir,
As a full moon, Sir,

Spirits light, Sir,
As a balloon, Sir,
And if you will take but plenty,
You 'll have nothing to torment ye.
Then instead through mud to splutter,
You go home upon your shutter;
With four porters stout and strong,
To carry you along
In safety through the throng,
While with loud melodious tongue
You chant a jolly song
In triumph as you go.
Though ills you 've got all,
Just wet your throttle
With one good bottle,
And that 's the total
To make them trot all.
If you 're dry in your œsophagoso,
Or cold in the tip of your noso,
Then take of champagne a good doso,
And you 'll never complain any more.

Then crack your jokes and laugh now;
While the sun shines make your hay;
And fill your glass and quaff now,
With a jolly hip hurrah!
Hip, hip, hurrah! hip, hip, hurrah! hip, hip, hurrah!

(An interval of two rounds of claret and anchovies will take place between the second and third parts of the Concert.)

Part Third.

NIGGER SONG, *con coro*, BY THE ETHIOPIAN SERENADER.

AIR—"Boatman ob de Ohio."

Cook bery busy down below,
Sweat be runnin' off him brow;
Roast and boil, and stew and fry,
Bery fine dinner as eber I spy.
Soup in de pot,
Bery nice and hot;
An' de sauce and de fishes,
An' de little side-dishes,
An' de mutton and de beef be charmin'.
Cook him boil, cook him fry,
Cook make puddin', cook make pie.

CHORUS—*Ah! I see, dat not for me,*
It all for de doctors ob de N. T. D.

Waiter be runnin' up an' down, I see,
Like a grey squir'l on a hickory tree,
Long-neck'd bottle in ebery hand,
Not hab a moment time to stand;
Sherry bery nice,
Champagne been in ice,
An' de claret and de port
Both ob de right sort,
De heart an' de head for warmin'.
Waiter here, waiter dere,
Waiter him run ebery where.

Ah! I see, it not for me,
It all for de doctors ob de N. T. D.

How dese men deir jaws do wag!
How dey fill deir "carpet-bag!"
How dey cry, wid might and main,
To de waiter for champagne!
Sure dese chaps must get
Nothin' at home to eat,
Or else dey must hab been
A-takin' ob Quinine
For a fortnight in de mornin'.[1]
Doctor eat, doctor drink,
Neber ob stoppin' seem to tink.

I neber see, such hunger be,
As among de doctors ob de N. T. D.

Massa Keith I no see here,
I tink him run away wid fear;
Him pay for de champagne dey hab got,[2]
An' dat cost him a five-pound note,
Wife a bery fine ting,
But bery great 'xpense it bring,
For dis bery first year
It cost him dear
When de wine bill come some mornin'.
But Keith him laugh wid all him jaw,
Him not care for de 'xpense a straw.

Ah! not he, it make such glee,
Among de merry doctors ob de N. T. D.

[1] Single small doses, not exceeding a few grains, have no particular obvious effect on the generality of people, except that each produces increase of appetite and improved digestion.—*Christison's Dispensatory, article* QUINAE SULPHAS, 2d ed. p. 772

[2] *Vide* Convivial Bye-Laws of the N. T. D., Rule I.

Massa Balfour in de chair,
Him quite a happy man dis year;
Him no need ob de cost to tink,
Him nothin' to do wid de wine but drink.
But what make him so glad,
Him now a happy dad;
For as sure as a guinea,
He hab got a piccaninny[1]
Little daughter at home t'oder mornin'.
De piccaninny lib on drink,
Why not her Fader, Balfour tink.

Ah! I see, dat why he be,
So merry wid de doctors ob de N. T. D.

Dinner ober, cloth be gone,
Waiter put de claret down,
Ah! it look so nice and bright,
And dey say it be all *Wright.*[2]
What for dey say so
Nigger man not know,
'Xcept dat to-night,
If it be all right,
Dere none be left till mornin'.
Doctor swallow, doctor drink,
Till him eye begin to wink.

Ah! I see, dat why dey be,
Such bery merry doctors at de N. T. D.

[1] At 2 Bellevue Crescent, on the 26th instant, the wife of Professor Balfour of a daughter.—*North British Advertiser, February 2d.*

[2] *Vide* Convivial Bye-Laws of the N. T. D., Rule V.

Dese chaps say de wine be good,
All but Massa Andrew Wood;
Dis chap drink till he be dead,
For him die ob water in de head.
But Simpson dere, I 'm sure,
Be able dis man to cure;
For at his skull
Wid the sucker him pull,[1]
And pump out de water in de mornin'.
Simpson tink Wood quite wrong,
Him drink him water far too strong.

How queer it be, dis man to see
Drinking cold water at de N. T. D.

Now de Bard him try to sing,
But him not fit to do dis ting;
Dr. Scott him say it clear he
Be just a case of "bery beery."[2]
Bard him try once more,
But him now worse than before,

[1] *Vide* Dr. Simpson on a suction-tractor, or new mechanical power, as a substitute for the forceps.—*Monthly Journal*, 1849, pp. 556, 618.

In conclusion, Dr. Simpson stated that he had now used the air-tractor, which he had constructed in several cases, and with results answering his best expectations. But it doubtlessly admitted of much further improvement in construction, *in mode of application*, in working, and other details.—*Op. cit.*, p. 620.

[2] The real nature or pathology of this disease is as obscure as its origin. . . . . Accurate observation and more extensive experience are wanting to enable us to arrive at anything like a satisfactory conclusion on the subject.—*Vide article* BERIBERI, *by* J. SCOTT, M.D., *Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine*, vol. i. p. 270.

So dey put dis man
Into Trotter's van,
And dey carry him home before mornin'.
Bard to-morrow, when him wake,
Hab p'raps a bad headache.

Dat may be, but what care he,
When him merry wid de doctors ob de N. T. D.?

Wine it flow now like a riber,
But it too good to last for eber;
All in de cellar now be done,
So dere an end ob de Doctors' fun.
All so merry go home,
But when to-morrow come,
Dey wonder what de matter
Dat dey want soda-water,
An' red herrin' to breakfast in de mornin'.
But for dis what dey care,
Dis dinner come but once a year.

It'll all be de same you'll see,
At de next meetin' ob de N. T. D.

My programme now
I have got through,
And so my concert's ended;
And fain I would
Have, if I could,
My bill of fare extended;

But the expense
Was so immense
Such talent to secure, Sir,
That more outlay,
To make it pay,
My funds would not endure, Sir.[1]

Perhaps you 've thought
I might have brought
You down some Prime Donne;
But they, again,
Exceed the men
In their demands for money.
I had a mind
To Jenny Lind,
But now I understand, Sir,
The lovely Swede
Has just agreed
To go to Yankee-land, Sir.[2]

No other dame
That I could name
But she, is worth the bringing;
You would not care,
I 'm sure, to hear
The second-rate ones singing.

[1] Notwithstanding the great expense incurred in securing the services of these distinguished artistes, the prices will be the same as on former occasions.—*M. Jullien's advertisements, annually.*

[2] We are enabled now to state, on undoubted authority, that "the Swedish Nightingale" has accepted the offer made to her by Mr. Barnum, and that she will proceed to America as soon as the necessary arrangements have been completed."—*Liverpool Mercury, quoted in Scotsman, Jan.* 23, 1850.

For like the meat
Which here you eat,
Your music should, to please ye,
On one hand be
Not *Al-boni*,
Nor on the other *Grisi*.[1]

Now lest you say
Your bard to-day
His duty has forgot, Sir,
I've with me now
The *proofs* to show,[2]
Indeed, that he has not, Sir.
And since his lays
Of former days
You wished in print to see, Sir,
The copyright
He gives to-night
To the old N. T. D., Sir.

[1] Oh fie! Mr. Bard, "Him as prigs wot isn't his 'n," etc.—*Typog. Diab.*

[2] February 8, 1850.—The Bard, after dinner, laid upon the table the proof-sheets of the N. T. D. Odes now in the press.—*Minutes of Convivial Meeting.*

The Æsculapian.

AIR—*unknown.*

COME, come, Dr. Omond,[1] what mean you by that?
Do you think, my old fellow, that I am a flat?
Or do you suppose that we bards are such asses,
As drink out of thimbles like this, on Parnassus?[2]
Why, man, such a quantity 's not worth a plack,
We 'd get better allowance from Russell or Black;[3]
And you 're vastly mistaken, my friend, if you think
That I 'm homœopathic at all in my drink.

Then fill me a bowl,
Like a good jolly soul,
That will wash down my grub
In a style worth the name,
Wealth, honour, and fame
Of the great Æsculapian Club.

Some fellows will tell you, as grave as a judge,
That wine 's a slow poison, and that sort of fudge;
A poison it may be, but I 'll be so hardy
As venture to say that its action is tardy.

[1] Æsculapian Club, Secretary, Robert Omond, M.D., F.R.C.S.E.

[2] Et calices poscit majores.—*Horat. Serm.* II. viii. 35.

[3] Proceeding gradually in his reductions, he [the Homœopathist] has brought his doses down to an exiguity before unheard of, and seemingly incredible.—*Pereira's Elements of Materia Medica*, 2d edit., vol. i. p. 143.

Your bard from these fellows a different view takes
Of the action of alcohol in therapeutics;
And he 'll prove on himself how absurd are their data,
As Christison proved the *Œnanthe crocata.*[1]
But to do this, good soul,
You must fill me a bowl
That will wash down my grub
In a style worth the name,
Wealth, honour, and fame
Of the great Æsculapian Club.

Some fellows will tell you it 's quite *infra dig*
For grave folks to be jolly; but who cares a fig
For chaps that can't learn to mix *seria cum joco,*
And, like decent people, *desipere in loco?*
With growlers like that I can never agree—
They never were meant for companions for me;
Their dull austere visage is nauseous, because it is
Harsh and sour, like the *Pulvis jalapæ compositus.*[2]
No! I 'd rather, good soul,
That you 'd fill me a bowl
That will wash down my grub
In a style worth the name,
Wealth, honour, and fame
Of the great Æsculapian Club.

[1] Relying on these results, I ate a whole tuber, weighing an ounce, without observing any effect, except its disagreeable taste, which was the only circumstance that prevented me from trying a larger quantity. —*Christison on Poisons*, 4th edit. p. 864.

[2] Its objectionable effects are, that, while in the stomach, it causes frequently nausea, and sometimes vomiting.—*Pereira's Elements of Materia Medica*, 2d edit., vol. ii. p. 1273.

Then away with your croakers that call our fun folly,
As long as we can, we 've a right to be jolly:
So here 's to our Chairman—I see by his eye
He 's preparing a suitable speech in reply;
And here 's to all fellows, whoever they be,
That like to be merry and happy as we;
And here 's to our Club; may there long be a quorum
Of good members in it, to fill up their jorum;
And like true jolly souls,
To quaff off their bowls,
And so wash down their grub
In a style worth the name,
Wealth, honour, and fame
Of the great Æsculapian Club.

THE ÆSCULAPIAN, 1849.

ADDITIONAL VERSE—THE PROPERTY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY CLUB.

Lyon Playfair last winter took up a whole hour[1]
To prove so much mutton is just so much power;
He might have done all that he did twice as well
By an hour of good feeding in Slaney's Hotel;
And instead of the tables he hung on the wall,
Have referred to the table in this festive hall;
And as for his facts—have more clearly got at 'em
From us than from Sappers and Miners at Chatham.[2]

[1] On the Food of the Royal Engineers stationed at Chatham. By Dr. Lyon Playfair.—*Proceedings of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, 3d April* 1865.

[2] To ascertain what well-paid soldiers, engaged in occupations which would represent moderate war work, found it necessary to eat, Dr. Playfair obtained returns from the garrison at Chatham. ..As is well known, the Sappers and Miners are men versed in trades, with which they are occupied when not working on fortifications or in the field.—*Proceedings of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, ubi supra.*

Whilst like good jolly souls,
We emptied our bowls,
And so washed down our grub
In a style worth the name,
Wealth, honour, and fame
Of the Royal Society Club.

ROYAL SOCIETY CLUB, 27*th November* 1865.

Diploma Doctoratus Hilaritatis.

[EX LIBRO RERUM GESTARUM SOCIETATIS HARVEIANAE, EDINBURGENSIS.[1]]

OMNIBUS sodalibus
Bonis socialibus,
Vini potatoribus,
Joci amatoribus,
Hominibusque ceteris,
Testatur hisce literis
SOCIETAS HARVEIANA,
In taberna Barryana,
Se hodie in suorum,
Numerum sociorum,
Lubenter accepisse
Riteque ascripsisse,
Virum bene notum
Dictum JOANNEM SCOTTUM.

[1] Harvcian Society, sixty-seventh festival, Barry's Hotel, 12th April 1848,—*inter alia*, Mr. John Scott, W.S., son of the late esteemed honorary associate of the Society, having sung with much approbation, it was proposed that the degree of DOCTOR HILARITATIS should be forthwith voted to him, which was seconded, and unanimously agreed to; and a committee was named to prepare a diploma to be presented to him at next annual festival.

Harveian Society, sixty-eighth festival, 12th April 1849,—*inter alia*, on which day the secretary produced the diploma prepared for Mr. Scott, and suggested that it ought to be presented by the Bard of the Society, which was accordingly done.—*Extracted from the Minutes of Harveian Society by* R. OMOND, *Secretary*.

Nosque Harveio nati,
Ad mensam convocati,
Ex decreto Facultatis
Amplissimæ Hilaritatis,
Hoc diploma damus,
Scottumque nunc creamus,
DOCTOREM HILARITATIS
ATQUE JOCOSITATIS.
Viribusque auctoritatis
Nostræ Societatis,
Licet Joanni Scotto,
Ut fruatur nunc in toto
Privilegiis amplissimis,
Necnon jucundissimis,
Felicium virorum,
Harveii Filiorum;
Videlicet—ad convivium
Harveianorum civium,
Se accurate reddere;
Quam maximum prandium edere;
Tunc casei Italici,
Et spiritûs vini Gallici;
Sumere quod sufficiat,
Ut ventriculo beneficiat.
Post hoc, generoso
Vino copioso,
Rubro Lusitanico,
Albôque Hispanico;
Argillam madefacere
Et nasum calefacere,
Ad suam voluntatem
Atque capacitatem.
Tunc Præside rogante,
Nec Scotto recusante,

Carmen cantandum est,
Feliciter jocandum est.
Dein, corde calefacto
Ventreque satisfacto,
Bibat poculum Theæ,
Si placeat Coffeæ,
Cum saccharo et lacte
Secundum artem factæ.

In quarum rerum fidem,
Emisimus hoc idem
Diplŏma, sigillatum
Riteque signatum.

Samuel Paganuus,
Præses annuus.
Robertus Omondus,
Hilaris; et jucundus
Joannes Bennettus;
Scribæ a Secretis.

Edinburgi:
Pridie Idus Apriles,
MDCCCXLIX.

Plain Cold Water.

AIR—"Love's Young Dream."

OH! the days are gone when claret bright
Inspired my strain,
When I sang on every festive night
About champagne,
Prime "Thirty-four"[1]
In floods may pour,
And glasses gaily clatter,
But there's nothing half so safe to drink
As plain cold water.
No, there's nothing half so safe to drink
As plain cold water.

Though the bard may make a greater noise
Over his wine,
When, with other bacchanalian boys,
He chances to dine;
Yet if he wake
With a headache,
And wonder what's the matter,
He learns there's nought so safe to drink
As plain cold water;
That there's nothing half so safe to drink
As plain cold water.

[1] *Vide* note, p. 58.

There 's Dr. Hassall, he proclaims
That water 's full
Of curious brutes, with curious names,
In every pool.[1]
Now you will see
That this must be
A most important matter,
For it 's clear there 's meat as well as drink
In plain cold water.
Yes, it 's clear there 's meat as well as drink
In plain cold water.

Professor Clark of Aberdeen
Says chalk is there ;[2]

[1] In the chemical analysis of water generally given we find under the heading "organic matter" the word "*traces.*" . . . In the course of this investigation it will become apparent that these traces are not inconsiderable in amount, that they are complex in organization, endowed with life, and in many cases possessed of active powers of locomotion.—*A Microscopic Examination of the Water supplied to the Inhabitants of London, etc., by Arthur Bell Hassall, M.B., F.L.S., London*, 1850.—*Preface*, p. 1.

EXAMINATION OF THAMES WATER. *From Brentford.*—Two or three species of worm-like animals or *Annelidæ*, living *Entomostraca*, several species of *Infusoria*. *From Lambeth.*—*Infusoria* in great numbers, *Paramecia*, *Oxytricæ*, *Uvellæ*, etc.

EXAMINATION OF THE WATERS SUPPLIED BY THE SEVERAL METROPOLITAN WATER COMPANIES. *Grand Junction Company.*—1*st*, Living *Annelidæ*, a few; 2*d*, *Desmideæ*, *Closterium Ehrenbergii*, *Scenedesmus quadricaudatus*; 3*d*, Living *Infusoria*, *Monades*, *Paramecium chrysalis*, small; *Oxytricha gibba* (?), *O. Cicada*, both not uncommon; *Euglena viridis*, *Amphileptus Margaritifer*.

West Middlesex Company, ditto, ditto; *Chelsea Water Company*, ditto; *Southwark Company*, ditto; *Vauxhall Company*, ditto; *Lambeth Company*, ditto; *New River Company*, ditto, etc.—*Ibid.* Pp. 4-15.

[2] CARBONATE OF LIME; CHALK-LIMESTONE; MARBLE; Ca O CO_2.—Although this substance is not sensibly soluble in pure water, it is

And Monsieur Chatin iodine
Finds everywhere.[1]
If this be true,
It 's clear to you
It 's just so much the better;
For there 's meat and drink, and physic too,
In plain cold water.
Yes, there 's meat and drink, and physic too,
In plain cold water.

So if your health you would keep good,
With wine be done;
And like my wise friend, Dr. Wood,
Drink water alone.

freely taken up when carbonic acid happens at the same time to be present. . . . Since all natural waters contain dissolved carbonic acid, it is to be expected that lime in this condition should be of very common occurrence, and such is really found to be the fact. . . . The peculiar property water acquires by the presence in it of lime is termed *hardness.*—*Fownes's Manual of Chemistry*, 4th edition, p. 273.

Patent.—THOMAS CLARK, PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY IN MARISCHAL COLLEGE, UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN, *for a new mode of rendering certain waters (the water of the Thames being among the number) less impure and less hard for the supply and use of manufactories, villages, towns, and cities*—Enrolment Office, Sept. 28, 1841.—*Mechanics' Magazine*, vol. xxxv. p. 251.

[1] D'où vient l'iode trouvé dans les plantes d'eau douce? Celles-ci le forment-elles? Non sans doute. Vient-il des salines, des sources minérales dans lesquelles Angelini, Cantu, O. Henry, etc., ont signalé sa présence? C'est impossible, car il se trouve non-seulement dans les plantes des grandes rivières, comme la Seine, la Marne, et l'Isère, mais dans celles de chaque ruisseau, de chaque étang, de chaque marécage. Il vient, on est conduit à le reconnaître, de tous les points de la masse terrestre, où il accompagne, en quelque sorte, comme un satellite, les chlorures avec lesquels il est extrait par le lavage des eaux.—*Existence de l'iode dans les plantes d'eau douce* par M. AD. CHATIN, *Comptes Rendus*, Tome xxx., 1850, p. 353.

About he drives,
And well he thrives,
And every day grows fatter,
Which shows that folks can thrive quite well
On plain cold water.
Yes, it shows that folks can thrive quite well
On plain cold water.

N. T. D., *February* 1853.

"The Memory of Richard James Mackenzie."

THE FOLLOWING LINES WERE SUBSTITUTED FOR THE USUAL JOCULAR ODE WHEN THE ABOVE TOAST WAS DRUNK AT THE ANNUAL DINNER OF THE NEW TOWN DISPENSARY, OF WHICH INSTITUTION MR. MACKENZIE HAD BEEN AN ACTIVE AND MUCH ESTEEMED MEDICAL OFFICER.]

GIVE me my harp (if such a name
So poor an instrument may claim),—
Give me my harp, at friendship's call
Again I 'll take it from the wall,
Brush from its chords the dust away,
And rouse once more the festive lay.
See jovial Mirth attendant there,
And with her, Laughter, blithesome pair;
Mirth claims the right t' inspire the strain,
Laughter will echo the refrain,
And Quip and Jest are both before us,
Ready to bear the merry chorus.
Yet see, among this train so glad,
Comes sober Sadness, sable clad,
Unused, I wot, to such a scene,
According ill with solemn mien;
For once she seizes on the lute,
And Laughter and her train are mute
For once to her I yield the string—
For once to her dictation sing.

Oh! do not deem my heart less warm,
That Mirth for me has lost her charm,
Or that for me no more have zest
The lively song and friendly jest.
I'd still be glad as ere I was
(My humble aim is your applause),
I'd still be glad as e'er to troll
The praises of our social bowl,
And joyful hear the song go round,
Whilst wine and wassail both abound;
But when our circle I survey,
I look along our rank to-day
In vain for one familiar face,
Of whom, alas! no more the place
Shall know him here; who oft before
Enjoyed our annual festive hour,
Who bore—and well he bore—his share
Of charitable toil and care,
Which, charter of each present guest,
Gives name and sanction to our feast.
I seek in vain the forehead high,
The fine-lined features, restless eye,
The figure active, tall, and lithe,
The ready smile, and laughter blithe,
With which he loved, for well loved he,
To give and take the repartee.
I seek in vain: woe worth the day
That reft so good a friend away!

But not in mirth alone I mourn
The brother thus so rudely torn
By ruthless death, from me and you.
Full well his better part you knew;
You knew him when, in graver mood,
By the poor sufferer's couch he stood,

Where upward eye and look of pain
Implored for aid, nor asked in vain;
For kind the heart to which it spoke,
And skilled the hand it would invoke,
And ready he, both hand and heart,
The wished-for succour to impart.

Stern is the duty laid on him
Who tends crushed frame or mangled limb;
And though nor look nor hand must swerve
To carry o'er the quivering nerve
The kindly-cruel, trenchant steel,
Still should his heart compassion feel,
And gentle look and accent bland
Quench half the suffering from his hand.
So 'twas with him; and many an eye
That 'neath his paining touch was dry,
Has o'er rough cheek the tear-drop rolled,
And in mute eloquence extolled
The hand, now nerveless, skilled to heal,
The heart, now pulseless, prompt to feel.

It were a needless task, how well
He loved his noble art, to tell.
When Britain's trumpet loudly pealed,
And called her soldiers to the field,[1]
'Twas for his art he left his land,
And sought the hostile despot's strand—

[1] The object of my expedition to Turkey is to gain professional information, and, in doing this, to render all the assistance in my power to the troops; and from the fact of my having had the privilege of being acting surgeon to a large public hospital for a good many years, I ought to be able to render some efficient assistance.—*Letter to his Brother.*

Left peaceful home, and child, and kin
For war's rude life and battle's din,
And found, with many a soldier brave,
A premature Crimean grave.

Hark! from the Alma's blood-stained height,
Where the ranked bayonets glitter bright,
And the plumed Warriors of the north,
In Scottish panoply, stand forth
The vantage-ground to watch and guard,
Where in the combat fierce and hard,
The British host's resistless blow
Drove from the field the entrenchèd foe:
Hark to the hearty Highland cheer,
From flank to flank, from van to rear.[1]
'Tis not to greet—though well they might—
The chiefs that led them to the fight;
'Tis not some leader's honoured name
They welcome with the loud acclaim;—
No; 'tis the heartfelt voice of thanks
Spontaneous springing from their ranks,
Which told, the hardy soldier knew,
He was his trusty friend and true,
Whose kindly care and anxious toil
On Varna's pestilential soil

[1] T. Scot and I had all our wounded attended to, and were up with the regiment on the top of the height an hour after the action was over. We were shaking hands with all friends, when, to my no small surprise and gratification, as you may believe, a voice shouted out from the column, as they stood in the ranks—"*Three cheers for Mr. Mackenzie,*" and though I say it, who shouldn't, I never heard three better cheers. You will *laugh*, my dear fellow, when you read this, but I can tell you I could scarcely refrain from doing t'other thing. All I could do was to wave my Glengarry in thanks.—*Letter to his Brother, 21st September* 1854.

Had warded off the deadly blow
Of the unseen, destructive foe,—
Who, when, in Alma's dreadful hour,
The shot and shell, with murderous power,
Had swept their ranks in iron storm,
And mangled many a stalwart form,[1]
From morn to night unwearied toiled,
Death's fierce assaults with coolness foiled,
Stanched the fast-ebbing tide of blood,
Plucked from the wound the missile rude,
Plied his kind labour, here to soothe
Shot-mangled limb, and there to smooth
The stony couch, where Death had now
Set his cold seal upon the brow.
Ah, me! that Death, from whom that day
He snatched so many a noble prey,
Should, ere another week had flown,
Have struck the hand that foiled him, down,
And in revenge, his baffler's heart
Pierced with his pest-envenomed dart.[2]

[1] This morning it floored me when I went over the ground strewed with the ghastly dead and wounded. I could not stand it, and went off to the rendezvous where the wounded were brought. There I have been from eight till six P.M., and I am exhausted with sheer hard work. I cannot tell you what number of limbs I have removed to-day. I have operated from morning till night.—*Letter to his Brother, 21st September.*

[2] He was taken ill about eleven o'clock P.M., without any premonitory symptoms; the attack was a most virulent one, and he sunk rapidly. He continued quite conscious till within half an hour of his death. He desired me to tell you and all his friends that he was quite composed and prepared for death, if God so willed it. . . . The Church of England clergyman was sent for, and prayed with him and for him in the most simple and beautiful prayer; and though before this his voice had almost failed, he said 'Amen' at the conclusion,

Oft have I thought, in happier mood,
When we our annual feast renewed,
That mine might be the task of pleasure,
To welcome him in jovial measure,
And on his brows a chaplet fix,
Where ivy should with laurel mix.
Alas! that 'stead of blithesome lay,
I sing his coronach to-day;
Alas! that it is mine to wave
The mournful cypress o'er his grave.

For us, the magic touch of art,
Shall to the sculptured stone[1] impart
The outward form, and lines which trace
To friendly eye, the friendly face;
But harder than the senseless block,
And colder than the marble rock,
Must be our hearts, if they should now,
'Neath present friendship's genial glow,
Resist the impress of regret,
For a lost friend whose sun has set,
Ere well we from its early ray
Had augured of a brilliant day,
And who in manhood's freshest bloom
Lies low in an untimely tomb.

Then pardon, friends, the unskilful tongue,
That has his worth so feebly sung.
If, a weak rhymster, I to-night
Beyond my sphere have dared a flight,

with a firmness and distinctness which surprised me. . . . We buried his remains close to the spot where he died.—*Letter from Dr. Scot, 79th Highlanders.*

[1] See the very successful bust by W. Brodie, R.S.A.

Then when you listen to the line,
Say what is meagre there, is mine,
And what less faulty seems to you,
Is faithful friendship's offering true.

2*d February* 1855.

Bailie Morrison.

LAY OF A CANDIDATE FOR THE CHAIR OF PRACTICE OF MEDICINE IN THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

AIR—"Mary Morrison.

"Oh, Mary at the windo' be,
It is the wished, the trysted 'oor,
Those smiles an' glances let me see,
That mak' the miser's treasure poor."—*Burns.*

OH, Bailie, at the Cooncil be,
It is the great election 'oor,[1]
A smile propitious let me see,
For weel ye ken it 's in your po'er;
Hoo gladly wad I face a sho'er,
To mak' to thee my orison,

[1] TOWN COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.—A meeting of Council was held yesterday (October 2), the Lord Provost presiding. The first business was the election of a Professor of the Practice of Medicine in the University of Edinburgh. The Town-Clerk read the following list of candidates for the chair—viz., Professor Bennett, Dr. Craigie, Dr. Halliday Douglas, Dr. W. T. Gairdner, Dr. Laycock of York, Dr. M'Cormac of Belfast, Dr. Munro, late of India, and Dr. A. Wood. Five of these names having been withdrawn, the Council decided upon the three candidates proposed, Drs. Bennett, Laycock, and Wood. The first poll was Bennett 9, Wood 12, Laycock 12. Dr. Bennett's name having been struck off, a division took place between Drs. Laycock and Wood, with the following result—Dr. Laycock 17, Dr. Wood 15. Dr. Laycock was therefore declared the new Professor.—*Edinburgh Medical Journal, November* 1855, p. 474.

Coo'd I the wished-for vote secure
O' College Bailie Morrison.[1]

Yestreen when, like a tremlin' thing,
I read the list o' Cooncil through,
To thee my thocht aye took its wing,
An' wondered what ye meant to do;
Whan this said "yes," and that said "nay,"
An' yon was hangin' aff an' on',
I said there 's nane I 'd like to ha'e
Like College Bailie Morrison.

Oh, Bailie, canst thou turn thy glance
Frae him wha thinks sae aft o' thee,
Or canst thou mean to spoil his chance
Wha has nae faut—that he can see?
Yet if nae promise ye will gie,
I 'll aye keep hopin' till it's dune,
A vote unfreen'ly wunna be
The vote o' Bailie Morrison.

THE ÆSCULAPIAN, *October* 5, 1855.

[1] MAGISTRATES OF THE CITY:
Lord Provost.—The Right Hon. JOHN MELVILLE.
Bailies.—Adam Morrison, etc.
College Committee.—Bailie Morrison, *Convener.*
—*Oliver and Boyd's Edinburgh Almanac*, 1855, p. 666.

Lizzie.

AIR—"Loudon's bonnie woods and braes."

LOVE, they say, is like a flower,
Bonnie while it blaws, Lizzie;
But, endurin' for an hour,
Sune to earth it fa's, Lizzie.
This is love wi' senseless queans
That dream about it in their teens,
Ye better ken what true love means,
Ye ken that this is fause, Lizzie.
Twenty years ha'e come and gane
Sin' first I socht you for my ain,
The love that cam' in blossom then
Yet wi' blossom braw 's, Lizzie.

Little gear we had, ye ken,
To begin our life, Lizzie;
Treasure I had neist to nane,
Binna in my wife, Lizzie.
To my wishes kindest Heaven
Better treasure couldna given,
Gowd wad maybe no ha'e thriven
E'en had it been rife, Lizzie.
Gowd, they say, gets everything,
But true heart-love it canna bring;
Gowd is readier aye to fling
Discord in and strife, Lizzie.[1]

[1] Sæpe solent auro multa subesse mala
Divitiis captus si quis violavit amorem.
—*Tibullus, Lib.* I. *Eleg.* 9. 18.

Sunshine, thanks to Heaven, has shed
  Licht within our ha', Lizzie,
Though a cloud or twa hae spread
  Shadows o'er us twa, Lizzie.
But when sorrow, grief, or care,
Frae Lizzie's e'e wrang out the tear,
Our mutual love but grew the mair
  Wi' ilka watery fa', Lizzie.
Love and flowers agree in this—
A blink o' sunshine 's no amiss,
But were nae rain the grun' to bless,
  They wadna grow ava, Lizzie.

Time begins to lay his han'
  And to show his power, Lizzie;
We maun yield, as ithers maun,
  To the carle dour, Lizzie.
Winter winds may round us blaw,
Our heads be white wi' winter snaw,
But warmth o' love, in spite them a',
  Shall cheer our wintry hour, Lizzie.
Then, though it come stormy weather,
Gin we 're spared to ane anither,
Auld and canty we 'll thegither
  Bide the wintry stour, Lizzie.

19*th July* 1856.

Chloroform.

AIR—"Spirto gentil nei sogni miei."—*La Favorita, Donizetti.*

SPIRIT genteel,
Sweet Chloroform,
Soft o'er me steal,
Quell each alarm,
When thy soft murmur
Rings in my ears,
Quickly 'twill conjure
Away all my fears.

When on my hotly burning shoulder
Carbuncle blazes like a fire,
When through my largest three-fanged molar
The toothache rages dire,
Ah me! ah me!
Spirit genteel,
Sweet balmy gale,
What can I feel
When thee I inhale?
For Nasmyth's big forceps with crashing claw,[1]
For Syme's silver pocket-case don't care a straw;[2]
Nasmyth may wrench me with forceps or with key,
Syme may make his crucial through me—all's one to me.

MILLBANK, *April* 26, 1856.

[1] Nasmyth, Robert, F.R.S.E., Surgeon Dentist to the Queen; born 1792, ob. 12th May 1870.

[2] Syme, James, F.R.S.E., D.C.L., etc., Surgeon in Ordinary to the Queen; born 1799, ob. 26th June 1870.

Volunteers.

AIR—"Jenny's Bawbee."

I MET some chaps in Princes Street
In new grey coats and troosers neat.
Quo' I, "My men, noo whatna' gaet
Is this you 're ga'in' the day?"
Says they to me, "Div ye no ken
That we 're the City Riflemen?
It 's time for drill, and we maun rin,
An' noo we canna stay."[1]

The first he was a lawyer chiel,[2]
The Ooter House it kenn'd him weel;
In speeches lang he used to deal,
And mickle had to say.
But wig an' goon he 's flung awa',
He cares na' for Dunlop and Shaw,[3]
His rifle's cracks are a' the law
Reports he cares to ha'e.

[1] CITY OF EDINBURGH RIFLE VOLUNTEER CORPS. *Edinburgh, 3d April* 1860.—The corps will parade in the King's Park on Saturday next at four o'clock *precisely*, when Company Drill will be proceeded with.—*Battalion orders* by MAJOR DAVIDSON, Commanding.

[2] No. 1 (Advocates') Company.—Edward Strathearn Gordon, *Captain.—Edinburgh Almanac*, 1860.

[3] Cases decided in the Court of Session, reported by Patrick Shaw and Alexander Dunlop, Esquires, Advocates. Edinburgh, 1834 and following years.

The neist he was a surgeon blade,[1]
To bluidshed he was early bred;
He show'd he hadna' changed his trade
When he put on the grey.
His bagnet sword was sharp an' big
Eneuch for cuttin' aff a leg;
The sicht o' him gied me a fleg,
I wish'd him far away.

Twin brither to the surgeon brave
There follow'd a physician grave,[2]
As guid at killin' as the lave,
You 're safe eneuch to say.
Wi' Enfield balls instead o' pills
He noo wa'd cure his country's ills,
An' poother frae the Roslin Mills
Instead o' "Gregory."[3]

[1] No. 4 (University) Company.—Allen Dalzell, *Captain;* W. Turner, *Ensign.—Edinburgh Almanac*, 1860. Assistants to Professors, Allen Dalzell, M.D.; W. Turner, M.B., etc.—*Edinburgh University Calendar.*

[2] Extract from *Edinburgh Gazette*; 30th November 1860.—"City of Edinburgh Rifle Volunteer Corps—Robert Christison, Esq., to be Captain, *vice* Dalzell, resigned, dated 16th November 1860." Captain Christison is attached to No. 4 Company.—*Regimental orders, 11th January* 1861.

The company of Volunteers of which Sir Robert Christison is Captain, resolved to testify their high esteem for him in his capacity of commander by presenting to him a splendid sword. At noon yesterday the company, No. 4 (University), assembled in the quadrangle of the University, and paraded for half an hour previous to the ceremony taking place.—*Edinburgh Courant, February* 24, 1872.

[3] Pulvis Rhei Compositus—*Compound Powder of Rhubarb.* Take of

Rhubarb Root, in powder, . .	2 ounces.
Light Magnesia, . . .	6 ounces.
Ginger, in powder, . . .	1 ounce.

Mix them thoroughly, and pass the powder through a fine sieve.

A hielan'man was number four,
He micht hae been M'Callum More,[1]
The kilt o' green the Campbells wore
It flutter'd roon' him gay.
Quo' I, "Man, has the tailor loon
Let a' the guid grey claith rin dune,
That ye 're ga'en breekless through the toon
At this time o' the day?"

A writer was the neist I saw,[2]
A clever chap a deed to draw;
But deeds o' valour they were a'
He cared to do that day.
Wi' him there cam an S.S.C.;[3]
We 'll sune hae fechtin' noo, ye 'll see,
He 'll raise an *action* in a wee,
As sune 's he sees his way.

An' noo a banker nately dress't[4]
Cam' marchin' up to join the rest.
"O' a' *investments* far the best
I fin'," says he, "the grey."

Dose.—For adults 20 to 60 grains, for children 5 to 10 grains. A very useful antacid and mild stomachic purgative, especially adapted for children: it is commonly known as Gregory's Powder.—*Pereira's Elements of Materia Medica*, etc., edited by BENTLEY and REDWOOD, 1872, p. 579.

[1] No. 16 (Highland) Company, Duncan M'Callum, *Captain.*—*Edinburgh Almanac*, 1860.

No. 3 (Writers to the Signet) Company, James Anstruther, *Captain.*—*Ibid.* 1860.

[3] No. 5 (Solicitors before the Supreme Courts) Company, James Webster, *Captain.*—*Ibid.*

[4] No. 7 (Bankers') Company, Samuel Hay, *Captain.*—*Ibid.*

In place o' buiks to balance fair,
The balance step was a' his care,
His ae fit cockit up in air
Show'd weel he kenn'd the way.[1]

Says I, "My mind is noo at ease,
Let foreign foes dae what they please,
They 'll ventur' nane across the seas
To face oor lads in grey.
Wi' freen's in blue, an' red, an' green,
Ye ken fu' brawly wha I mean,
Frae seas an' shores we 'll soop them clean,
At hame we 'll gar them stay."

ARCHERS' HALL, 1860.

[1] *Balance Step.*—The object of the balance step is to teach the soldier the free movement of his legs, preserving at the same time perfect squareness of shoulders and steadiness of body; no labour must be spared to attain this object, which forms the very foundation of correct marching. The instructor must be careful that the soldier keeps his body well forward, and his shoulders perfectly square during these motions.

Caution.—*Balance step, without advancing, commencing with the left foot.*

Front.—On the word *front*, the left foot will be raised from the ground by a slight bend of the knee, and carried gently to the front without a jerk, etc. Standing on one leg and swinging the other backward and forward without constraint, is an excellent practice.—*Field Exercise and Evolutions of Infantry as revised by Her Majesty's command*, 1870, p. 19, *et seq.*

Neuenahr.

AIR.—"The Meeting of the Waters."—THOMAS MOORE.

OH! there's not in all Deutschland a valley so fair,
As the vale of the waters of Neuenahr rare;
Oh! the last trace of gout will depart from your toe,[2]
If you'll but for a season to Neuenahr go.

Oh! it was not that nature had furnished you there
With a mineral water beyond all compare;
'Twas not that its virtues beat potion or pill;
Oh! no, it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that Miller[3] has written that *there* grows a wine,
That's superior to any on Mosel or Rhein;[4]

[1] Neuenahr: a New Spa on the Rhine. By James Miller, F.R.S.E. and Professor of Surgery in the University of Edinburgh.—*Edinburgh Medical Journal, November* 1861.

[2] *In gout* its reputation stands high; suppling joints, and removing concretions, as well as banishing pain.—*Miller, op. cit.*, p. 428.

[3] James Miller, F.R.S.E., etc., ob. 17th June 1864.—Without derogating in any degree from Mr. Miller's high character as a public and a professional man, we are sure his personal friends will join us in asserting that it was in private life that Mr. Miller's beautiful character shone to the greatest advantage. It was impossible to know him intimately without becoming increasingly fond of him. His powers as a good companion were unrivalled, and for a great part of his early life he was much in society, being everywhere courted for his genial wit and abundant humour, and for every good quality and talent of a host or of a guest.—*Edinburgh Monthly Journal, July* 1861, p. 94.

[4] During dinner most of the guests drink wine, under medical direction; some the white Moselle wine, others the red wine of the valley. This latter is very excellent, and of two kinds. The Walporzheimer,

And it shows how the views of a writer improve
When reflecting on wine in the Neuenahr grove.

As Neuenahr's *gasthaus* how well could I dine,
Giving Miller the water, whilst I take the wine;
Where the teetotal question for ever would cease,[1]
And each of us drink his own liquor in peace.

THE ÆSCULAPIAN, *2d December* 1861.

grown on the steep terraced hills that overhang the village of Walporzheim, about two miles and a half from the hotel, is a substantial, sound, red wine of the Burgundy quality, and not unlike the Assmanshauser of the Rhine—lighter on the whole, and of more delicate flavour. The other kind, called Ahrbleichart, is of the same character, but weaker. A pint of either is considered a fair allowance for each guest. *Miller, op. cit.*, p. 422.

[1] Abstinence, its Place and Power. A lecture delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association in Exeter Hall, 31st December 1856.

Alcohol, its Place and Power. 1857. 33d Thousand.

Nephalism, the True Temperance of Scripture, Science, and Experience. 1861.

Vide List of Professor Miller's principal published writings, *Edinburgh Medical Journal*, July 1864, p. 96.

The Lost Star.

AIR.—"I saw from the beach."—THOMAS MOORE.

I SAW from the Peak, over Teneriffe's seaside,
A star that in ARIES most gloriously shone,[1]
I looked through the great Equatorial on Speyside,
The RAM was still there, but the bright star was gone.[2]

[1] The object mainly proposed was to ascertain how far astronomical observation can be improved by eliminating the lower third part of the atmosphere. For the accomplishment of this purpose an equatorial telescope and other apparatus were conveyed in the yacht to Teneriffe in June and July 1856. There, with the approval of the Spanish authorities (always ready in that island to favour the pursuits of scientific men of any and every country), the instruments were carried up the volcanic flanks of the mountain, to vertical heights of 8900, and 10,700 feet, and were observed with during two months.—*Teneriffe: An Astronomer's Experiment.* By C. Piazzi Smyth, F.R.S.S., L. & E., etc. London, 1858.—*Preface*, p. viii.

That night there was no wind, not a single upper cloud, and the definition of the air was admirable. With all due precision, aided by the refinements of its equatorial mounting, the large telescope was now turned on one test object after another, amongst double stars; and magnifying powers employed from 160 to 800. To the credit of instrument and atmosphere, these high lenses were borne perfectly. Stars of the 16th magnitude, as 'a' of a^2 Capricorni, and 'b' of β Equulei, were seen without difficulty, and pairs only a fraction of a second apart, as ϵ Arietis, λ Cygni, and γ Andromedae, were separated. —*Ibid.* p. 287.

[2] The following pages contain an account of a few double-star measures which, by the kind permission of J. W. Grant, Esq. of Elchies, in Morayshire, I was enabled to make there in September 1862, with his large and equatorially mounted refracting telescope. . . . . The

Ah! so ends the patient Astronomer's trouble,
So fails him his marvellous optical tool;
Some star at the one end explodes like a bubble,
And leaves him at t'other, like Sam Johnson's fool.[1]

Ne'er tell me of Asteroids, endless in series,[2]
Of fiery-tailed comets, so blazing and hot,
Give me back, give me back, my bright sparkler in Aries,
A twinkle from him's worth the whole of the lot.

ROYAL SOCIETY CLUB, 18*th December* 1862.

patrimonial estate of Elchies lies on the banks of the Spey, about eight miles below the junction of that river and the Avon, in lat. N. 57° 28′, and long. w. 3° 15′, nearly. . . . With the cycle in my hand, a crowned book, stating, and having stated, unquestioned during eighteen years, that the group (222 Arietis) is an "exquisite object," and "an admirable test to try the light and definition of a telescope," and describing its three closer members, or A, B, and C, thus, viz.:—A large yellow star A with one small blue one close to it, and another small blue one a moderate distance off; and then looking into the telescope, and seeing no trace of a yellow star of any size, big or little, in that place, and only two faint blue burred images there, at just about the distance apart of the small blue stars, B and C of the cycle,—I thought, and still think, myself justified in publishing, that no large yellow star now exists where the cycle stated that such a one existed in its day. —*On the great Refracting Telescope at Elchies in Morayshire, and its Powers in Sidereal Observation.* By Professor C. PIAZZI SMYTH. *Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh*, vol. xxiii. p. 371.

[1] "Angling," said Dr. Johnson, "means a rod with a fly at one end and a fool at the other." Nothing has rankled so deeply in the angling mind as this *obiter dictum* of the Mitre. It came from one, however, who knew nothing whatever about the pursuit at which he threw his sarcasm.—*The Practical Angler.* By W. C. STEWART. Fifth Edition, p. 1.

[2] As all researches for some time subsequent to 1807 were unavailing, astronomers gradually allowed themselves to settle down into the

belief that no more planetoids remained to be discovered, when the detection of a fifth by Hencke in 1845 revived the hope of fresh discoveries, and from this period no year (excepting 1846) has passed without adding to the list. The number at present (1864) known is 81.—*Chambers's Cyclopædia*, Art. PLANETOIDS or ASTEROIDS.

Discovery of Minor Planets. The list of minor planets has been increased by five since the last Annual Report. By this addition the total number at the present time is *one hundred and seventeen*.—*Monthly Notices of the Royal Astronomical Society*, vol. xxxii., No. 4, *February* 1872, p. 168.

Banting.

A DOLEFUL DIETETICAL DITTY.

AIR.—"A wee bird cam' to oor ha' door."

A WEE man cam' to me ae day
In sair distress, and pantin',
An' a' that I could hear him say
Was, "I 've been tryin' Bantin'." [1]
An' whan I saw him look sae ill,
Wi' sheer starvation gantin',[2]
I drew for him a pint o' yill,[3]
For I 've nae faith in Bantin'.

"Guidman, are thae some borrow'd claes,
An' are your ain awantin'?
Or ha'e ye fa'n awa frae these?
Is this the wark o' Bantin'?" [4]

[1] Letter on Corpulence, addressed to the Public; by William Banting. Third Edition. London, 1864.

[2] To GANT, GAUNT, *v. n.* To yawn by opening the mouth.—*Jamieson's Dictionary.*

Yawning occurs generally after fatigue, and is especially frequent and easily excited in persons of irritable and debilitated nervous system.—*Müller's Physiology*, translated by BALY, vol. i. p. 353.

[3] YILL, *s.*, ale.—*Jamieson's Dictionary.*

[4] My girth is reduced round the waist, in tailor phraseology, 12¼ inches, which extent was hardly conceivable, even by my own friends or my respected medical adviser, until I put on my former clothing over what I now wear, which was thoroughly convincing proof of the remarkable change.—*Banting, op. cit.*, p. 30.

" I ance was fat as guse at Yule,
My coat an' waistcoat stentin';[1]
A wizzen'd[2] pea within its hule[3]
I ha'e been made by Bantin'.

O' taties I had stored a lot,[4]
The best o' last year's plantin',
But ne'er a taste o' them I 've got,
For they 're forbid by Bantin'.
My girnel 's stan'in' fu' o' meal,
Though parritch sair I 'm wantin';
It micht be fu' o' san' as weel,
For it 's been closed by Bantin'.

A nice bit pork my ain gudewife
Frae market ae day sent in;
I had got up my fork an' knife,
When in comes that man Bantin':
' Ye maunna eat sic meat as that,[5]
Though Gamgee leave were grantin',
It 's sure to mak' ye far o'er fat;'
Sae I was starved by Bantin'.

[1] To STENT, *v. a.* To stretch; to extend.—*Jamieson's Dictionary.*

[2] To WISEN, WYSSIN, *v. n.* To wither; to become dry and hard; pronounced *wizzen.*—*Jamieson's Dictionary.*

[3] HULE, *s.* A pod or covering of anything, commonly applied to pulse; a husk.—*Jamieson's Dictionary.*

[4] The items from which I was advised to abstain as much as possible were :—Bread, butter, milk, sugar, beer, and potatoes.—*Banting, op. cit.*, p. 17.

[5] For breakfast I take four or five ounces of beef, mutton, kidneys, broiled fish, bacon, or cold meat of any sort except pork. . . . . For dinner, five or six ounces of any fish except salmon, any meat except pork.—*Banting, op. cit.*, p. 18.

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A crumb o' toast as dry as wood[1]
My butter'd bap[2] supplantin',
Is a' the bread that I 'm allow'd
At breakfast-time by Bantin'.
He says the bread is fu' o' starch,
An' that 's, it seems, a wrang thing;
An' my drap tea I maun drink wersh,[3]
For sugar 's bad, says Bantin'![4]

I 'm tired o' flesh o' sheep an' kye,
Their ghaists my dreams are hauntin';
Were I a teeger I might try,
To leeve on flesh like Bantin'.
But flesh at nicht, an' flesh at noon,[5]
Nae twa-legged Christian 's wantin',
I wad become a teeger sune
Were I to feed like Bantin'.

I wunna say, in point o' drink,
But I could leeve wi' Bantin',
Although it 's haivers,[6] sae I think,
A drap Champagne preventin'.

[1] One ounce of dry toast.—*Banting, op. cit.*, p. 18.

[2] BAP, *s.* A thick cake baked in the oven, generally with yeast, whether it be of oatmeal, barley meal, flour of wheat, or a mixture.—*Jamieson's Dictionary.*

[3] WARSCHE, WERSH, *adj.* Insipid to the taste.—*Jamieson's Dictionary.*

[4] These, said my excellent adviser, contain starch and saccharine matter, tending to create fat, and should be avoided altogether.—*Banting, op. cit.*, p. 17.

[5] For supper, three or four ounces of meat or fish; similar to dinner.—*Banting, op. cit.*, p. 18.

[6] HAVERS, HAIVERS, *s.* Foolish or incoherent talk, jargon, S.—*Jamieson's Dictionary.*

But Sherry 's guid, an' Claret too,
Madeira it 's enchantin';[1]
But whar to get Madeira noo
I ha'ena learned frae Bantin'."[2]

"Guidman, I doot ye 've been a fule
In dealin' wi' this Bantin',
To put yoursel' beneath his rule,
Shows sense ye 're unco scant in.
But gin' some sense remain wi' you,
An' gin' ye 're noo repentin',
Just drink the pint o' yill I drew,
An' snap your thoom at Bantin'!"

ROYAL SOCIETY CLUB, 28*th November* 1864.

[1] Two or three glasses of good Claret, Sherry, or Madeira; Champagne, Port, and Beer forbidden.—*Op. cit.*, p. 18.

[2] Madeira was long famous for its fine white wine, but the almost total destruction of the vines by the fungous growth known as the oidium, and causing the grape-disease, temporarily stopped the trade. It is, however, beginning to revive.—*Chambers's Cyclopædia*, Art. WINE, vol. x. p. 225.

Saumon.

AIR.—"Cauld kail in Aberdeen."

THERE 's haddies i' the Firth o' Forth,
There 's turbot big and sma', man;
There 's flukes, though they 're but little worth
There 's "caller ou' "[1] an' a', man.
But fish in shell, or fish in scale,
Whate'er ye like 't to ca', man,
There 's nane can doot the very wale[2]
O' fishes is a saumon.

There 's herrin catch'd aboot Dunbar,
An' whitin's aff Skateraw, man;
But wha sae daft as to compare
The like o' them to saumon?
The English folk like whitin's best,
The Dutch eat herrin' raw, man;
But ilka body to his taste—
An' mine 's content wi' saumon.

Oh! mark him rinnin' frae the tide,
In blue and siller braw, man;
The ticks upon his gawsy[3] side,
Shaw him a new-rin saumon.[4]

[1] CALLER OU'. Oysters.—*Edinburgh Cries.*

[2] WALE, WAIL. The act of choosing; choice.—*Jamieson's Dictionary.*

[3] GAUCY, GAUCIE, GAWSY, *adj.* Plump, jolly, big, and at the same time lusty. The term seems properly to denote that stateliness of appearance for which one is solely indebted to size.—*Jamieson's Dictionary.*

[4] The Caligi are only found upon marine fishes. They adhere to the

An' though he 'scape the Berwick net,
The Duke at Floors an' a', man,[1]
There 's mony a chance remainin' yet
To catch that bonnie saumon.

Across the pool the fisher's flee,
Fa's licht as micht a straw, man;
Soops doon the stream, an' syne a wee
Hangs trem'lin' o'er the saumon.
A moment mair, the line is stent—
A rug, and then a draw, man;
An' noo, the soople tap-piece bent,
He's tackled wi' his saumon.

Frae aff the birling reel the line
Like lichtnin' spins awa', man;
The fisher lauchs, for he kens fine
He 's heuked a guidly saumon.
He 's up, he 's doon, he 's here, he 's there,
Wi' mony a twist and thraw, man:
Noo deep in Tweed, noo i' the air—
My troth, a lively saumon.

But stren'th an' natur' for a while
Can warsell[2] against a', man;

body among the scales by means of their foot-jaws, and can quit the place they have chosen, and move to another part of the fish. . . . On the salmon I have observed them in considerable numbers, and on various parts of the fish.—*Baird's Entomostraca*, Ray Soc., London, 1850, p. 265.

[1] In the Floors water, the Duke of Roxburghe and the Marquis of Bowmont (both of whom arrived from London on Saturday night) have been angling during the week. The Duke ran several fish, ten in all. —*Scotsman, April* 4, 1867.

[2] WARSELL, WERSILL, *v. n.* To wrestle; to strive. —*Jamieson's Dictionary.*

Yet natur' aft maun yield to guile,
As weel in man as saumon.
An' sae the merry fish that rose
To tak' that flee sae braw, man,
Noo sidelins[1] sowms[2] at his life's close,
A worn an' deein' saumon.

Wi' ready gaff[3] the callant stan's,
The fish ashore to draw, man;
The fisher bids him haud his han's,
An' no' to hash his saumon.
"He 's clean dune oot; gae grup the tail,
Just whar it tapers sma', man,
An' lan' him up baith safe an' hale—
My word, a bonnie saumon."

Gae bid the lass set on the pat,
An' see it 's no owre sma', man,
An' pit twa goupins[4] in o' saut,
To boil my bonnie saumon;
An' sen' for Jock, an' Rab, an' Tam—
They 're fishers ane an' a', man—
An' bid them come to me at hame,
An' eat my bonnie saumon.

[1] SYDLINGIS, SIDELINS, *adv.* Obliquely; not directly; having one side to any object. *Sidelong*, E., is now used in the same sense; but *sideling* is the ancient term.—*Jamieson's Dictionary.*

[2] To SOWME, *v. n.* To swim.—*Jamieson's Dictionary.*

[3] GAFF, *s.* "Night, or blaze fishing, during close-time, with *gaffs*. Spears, leisters, etc., is very injurious to the legal fishing, and is practised with impunity over various parts of the country."—*Prize Essays, Highland Society*, ii. 409.

This may be the same with *gaff* mentioned by Phillips, as signifying an iron hook to pull great fishes into a ship.—*Jamieson's Dictionary.*

[4] GOUPIN, GOWPIN, GOUPING, *s.* A handful.—*Jamieson's Dictionary.*

The gentry get their cooks frae France,
Wi' mony a queer kickshaw, man;
But, haith, I wadna tak' their chance,
When I ha'e sic a saumon.
Wi' it, an' some o' Scotland's best,
A cheerer[1]—maybe twa, man,
We 'll gang like decent folk to rest,
An' dream o' catchin' saumon.

I ance was dinin' i' the toun,
Whar a' thing is sae braw, man,
An' there I saw a Lunnon loon
Eat labster-sauce wi' saumon.[2]
Wae 's me that sic a slaister[3] suid
Gang into mortal maw, man,
To fyle the stamac'—spile the fuid,
An' siccan fuid as saumon.

Wi' flesh as pink as rose in June,
Wi' curd as white as snaw, man,
An' sappy broo[4] they boil't him in—
Oh! that 's what I ca' saumon.[5]

[1] CHEERER, *s.* A glass of spirits mixed with warm water and sugar; South of Scotland, Ayrshire.—*Jamieson's Dictionary, Supp.*

[2] Besides the sauces and essences to be used at discretion, which are now found on every side-board of any pretension, shrimps, anchovy and lobster sauce are served with salmon.—*The Cook and Housewife's Manual, by Mrs. Margaret Dods of the Cleikum Inn, St. Ronans,* 10th Edition, 1854, p. 188.

[3] SLAISTER, SLYSTER, *s.* A heterogeneous composition, a mass producing nausea, S. Synon. *soss.*—*Jamieson's Dictionary.*

[4] BREE, BRIE, BREW, BROO. 1. Broth, juice; 2. soup, sauce.—*Jamieson's Dictionary.*

[5] Where the fish is got fresh, and served in what is esteemed by some the greatest perfection—crisp, curdy, and creamy—it is the practice to send up a sauce tureen of the clear liquor in which it was boiled. —*Meg Dods, ubi supra.*

To my best freen' I canna wish
That better suid befa', man,
Than just to ha'e as guid a dish
As we ha'e wi' our saumon.

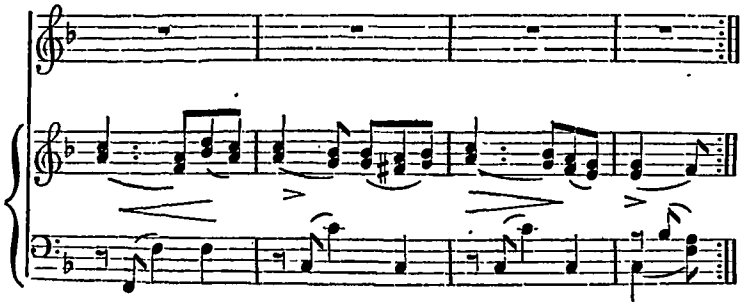
To Scotland's ilka honest son,
Her dochters fair an' a', man;
To a' wha lo'e the rod and gun,
We 'll drink wi' a hurra', man.
May they frae mony sportin' days
Baith health and pleesur' draw, man;
May muircocks craw on a' the braes,
The rivers swarm with saumon.

THE ÆSCULAPIAN, *December* 7, 1867.

The Sentry.

TREUE LIEBE.

foe, I think on her be - yond the sea, And if she
still is true to me. I think on her be - yond the
sea, And if she still is true to me.



Steh' ich in finst'rer Mitternacht,
So einsam auf der stillen Wacht,
So denk ich an mein fernes Lieb,
Ob sie mir treu und hold verblieb.

AT darkest midnight when I go
On sentry duty near the foe,
I think on her beyond the sea,
And if she still is true to me.

When first I left her to enlist,
So tenderly my cheek she kissed;
The ribbon gave that now I wear,
And clasped me to her bosom dear.

She loves me yet, she is so kind:
I'm brave of heart, I'm blithe of mind;
I think on her, and summer's glow
My heart's blood warms, in winter's snow.

Yes! by your taper's feeble glow,
You seek your little chamber now,
And tenderly to Heaven you pray
For him you love, that's far away.

Oh! if your eye be full of tears,
Oh! if your heart be full of fears,
Doubt not, sweet girl! in God's good hand
Your soldier 's safe in foeman 's land.

I hear the bell sound from the camp:
I hear my comrades' welcome tramp:
I seek my tent, from duty free—
Sleep thou sweet love, and dream of me.

From the German of WILHELM HAUFF.

My Gran'son.

A BLESSIN' on your sleekit pow,
My lauchin' chubby-cheekit Oe![1]
Fu' blythe I am to see ye grow
Sae fine a wean;
Afore a towmond 's gaen, I trow
Ye 'se walk yer lane.

E'en noo I like to see ye ettle,
I 'm proud ye shaw some spunk an' mettle;
Though walkin 's just a thocht owre kittle
As yet for you.
An' maistly wi' a plump ye settle—
We 'se no say hoo.

Noo o'er a buffet stool ye rum'le,
Syne o'er yer mither's fit ye tum'le.
An' aft ye try to rise, but whummil[2]
An' fa' as aft;
But neither need to greet nor grum'le,
Ye fa' sae saft.

[1] OE, O, OYE, *s.* 1. A grandson, S. . . . It is unquestionably of Celtic origin. Gaelic, *ogha*, id.; Ir., *ua*, according to Shuya, a grandchild. In composition *o*, as *O'Brien.*—*Jamieson's Dictionary.*

[2] WHUMMIL, WHOMEL, *v. a.* To turn upside down.—*Jamieson's Dictionary.*

Troth, Providence taks unco pains
In keepin' skaith frae cats an' weans;
Hoo they get aff wi' unbrizzed banes
Beats me to tell;
They fa', but are na scarted ance
For ten they fell.

Ye 're safest creepin' on the floor,
Ye ha'e less chance yer heid to clour;
It 's true, it blacks your han's wi' stour,
An' fyles your duds;
But that 'll men' wi' water cure
An' gude sape-suds.

Your faither's or your mither's han'
'Ill help ye best to walk or stan'—
Look up to them, it 's God's comman'—
The first wi' promise;
An' wha min's this, be 't wean or man,
Reward 'll no miss.

There 's mony a man, gin tales be true,
Could gi'e a lesson guid to you,
Wha never wad ha'e had to rue
A life o' ill,
Gin he had had the sense to do
His father's will.

This day ye are a twalmonth auld,
Guid grant that ye grow stout an' yauld,[1]
Baith strang o' limb an' braid o' spauld,[2]
An' may kin' Heeven
Keep ye when i' the mouls I 'm cauld,
Lang 'mang the leevin.

[1] YAULD, *adj.* Alert, sprightly.—*Jamieson's Dictionary.*
[2] SPALD, SPAULD, SPAWL, *s.* The shoulder.—*Ibid.*

Nae doot, ye noo are lyin' cosy
Within your crib, wi' haffets rosy,
An' wee fat arms an' fatter bosie;
Oh could I kiss ye!
But far awa' Gran'father owes ye
This prayer—"God bless ye!"

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE, *August* 12, 1868.

"Alma Mater."[1]

STUDENT'S SONG.

Con spirito. M. M. ♩ = 112.
TUTTI.
TENORI.
BASSI.
Verse 1. Con - dis - ci - pu - li ca - na - mus, Hac in ho - ra
Verse 2. Ec - ce or - do for - mo - sa - rum Au - dï - en - tium
o - ti - o - sa, Pro hac vi - ce re - lin - qua-mus Stu-dia ni - mis
co - ram no - bis, Plau-su, O so - da - les ha - rum Ni - hil pre - ti -

[1] This spirited four-part song is herewith presented to the reader by the kind permission of the composer, Professor Oakeley, thanks to whom, "Alma Mater" is the recognised appropriate music to be played or sung whenever the toast of the "University of Edinburgh" is given.

cres.
op - e - ro - sa. Sa - tis e - ri - mus pe - ri - ti,
o - sius no - bis. Nos - tri can - tûs sit ju - di - cium
Cras si val - dè stu - de - a - mus; Nos ex - am - i -
Ves - trum, O for - - mo - sæ mi - te; Al - mæ Ma - tri
f
rall.
num ob - li - ti Pau - lo Mu - sam nunc co - la - mus.
nos of - fic - cium Pi - um red - di - mus. Au - di - te.
rall.
D. C. Ver. 2.

Verse 3.

Ti - bi vo - lunt, Al - ma Ma - ter, Na - ti tu - i
om - nia bo - na ; Ti - bi cor-dum gra - tia da - tur, Au - re - a fe -
ff
ren - ti do - na. Sæc - la flo - reas in fu - tu - ra ;

CONDISCIPULI canamus,
Hac in hora otiosa,
Pro hac vice relinquamus
Studia nimis operosa.
Satis erimus periti,
Cras si valdè studeamus ;
Nos examinum obliti
Paulò Musam nunc colamus.

Ecce ordo formosarum
Audientium coram vobis,
Plausu, O sodales, harum
Nihil pretiosius nobis.

Nostri cantus sit judicium
Vestrum, O formosæ, mite;
Almæ Matri nos officium
Pium reddimus. Audite.

Tibi volunt, Alma Mater,
Nati tui omnia bona;
Tibi amor cordum datur
Aurea ferenti dona.
Sæcla floreas in futura;
Nihil doceas nisi verum;
Parcant tibi Fata dura,
Parcat Tempus edax rerum.

[PROFESSOR BLACKIE has done these lines the honour of giving a free translation of them in his *Musa Burschicosa*, which with his kind sanction is inserted here.]

LADS of grace that love the Muses,
Sing a stave of blithesome measure;
He's a plodding fool who chooses
Books in evening hour of leisure.
Some one wrote a useful warning,
"Much who knows increases sorrow;"
We shall have enough of learning
If we cram our brain to-morrow.

See the fair ones come to hear us,
Drest in dainty bloom before us!
If with ready smile they cheer us,
That's the fee that pays our chorus.
Gentle dames whom we love dearly,
Mother fair and fairer daughter,
Judge the students not severely
When they hymn their Alma Mater.

Alma Mater, grateful praises
For thy golden gifts we owe thee:
May the God whose strong arm raises,
With choice blessings overflow thee.
Alma Mater, may thy quiver
Brim with keenest shafts of science;
Strong in truth may thou for ever
Bid Time's jealous tooth defiance!

UNIVERSITY AMATEUR CONCERT,
17*th March* 1869.

The Leddies.

AIR.—"The Ewie wi' the crookit horn."

OH were I able to rehearse
What I've to tell in proper verse,
I'd sing a' nicht till I was hairse,
An' no' be endit after a'.
It's a' about thae weary leddies
That ha'e come lately to invade us;
Intil a bonnie scrape they've led us,
That brocht them to our College ha'.

I thocht when I was made Professor
By our ain gracious Queen, God bless her!
I was in luck to be possessor
O' a' that mortal man could ha'e.
But when my life sae saft was streamin',
In comes a set o' learnit women,
An' waukens me up frae my dreamin';
An' oh the thocht o't mak's me wae!

It's easy guidin' callants richt—
Just dinna haud the reins ower ticht,
But gi'e them heid—they've spunk an' micht
To gar them canter on wi' glee:
But guidin' leddies! wha can tell
The way to do't—the proper spell?
They bathered Solomon himsel',
An' little chance there is for me.

I couldna teach without a swither,[1]
The lassies an' the lads thegither;
They 'd sit an' glower at ane anither,
An' wha 's to listen then to me?[2]
To tak' the leddies a' their lane
There 's some I daursay wa'd be fain,
But me—I 'm far ower blate,[3] ye ken,
To bide the glisk[4] o' women's e'e.

Could I to ony weel-faured lassie,
Gin she were talkative an' saucy,
In midst o' my discoorse say *tace?*
Or wa'd she haud her tongue for me?
That 's just the warst, the craiters ken
They ha'e the clean whup-han' o' men;
We maun keep ceevil tongues, or then
We ha'e nae chance wi' them to 'gree.

The newest thing that 's come in fashion
Is leddies maun ha'e graduation,
An' be the doctors o' the nation;
To me it seems a shame an' sin.[5]

[1] SWIDDER, SWIDDERING, SWITHER, *s.* Doubt, hesitation, S.—*Jamieson's Dictionary.*

[2] Mr. SKELTON, advocate, said:—It had been objected that it would be very difficult to provide against the evil of communication that would take place between the male and female students of the University. He did not attach much force to that objection.—*Report of Meeting of General Council of the University of Edinburgh, ubi infra.*

[3] BLAIT, BLATE, *adj.* Bashful, sheepish.—*Jamieson's Dictionary.*

[4] GLISK, *s.* A transient view; a glance; *syn.* Glint.—*Jamieson's Dictionary.*

[5] The question was, was this a proper profession for ladies? Any one who knew what the study of the medical profession was, knew that there were a great many things to be encountered in the course of study that were not fitted for ladies.—Dr. ANDREW WOOD, *apud* Council of the University of Edinburgh, *ubi infra.*

I aye had hoped and thocht afore,
That when they cam' to learn this splore,[1]
Oor doctors here wa'd steek the door,
An' never let thae leddies in.[2]

A bonnie browst thae chiels ha'e brew't,
Aweel—just let them drink it oot,
Afore they 've toomed the caup they 'll rue 't,
Unless I 'm unco sair mista'en.
For wha 's to tak' a bearded chiel,
When he can get a leddie real
To tent him seek, and pit him hale
Frae fivver, host,[3] or broken bane?

I thocht oor Senate wa'd ha'e licht,
Or that oor Coort or Cooncil micht
Ha'e common sense to set us richt,
But they 're demented ane an' a'.
On Grant an' Masson lies the sin;
Had they but heeded Wood an' Phin,
They micht ha'e saved this weary din,
An' keep't the leddies frae oor Ha'.[4]

[1] SPLORE, *s.* "A frolic, a noise, a riot."—*Gloss. Burns.* Perhaps from Ital. *esplor-are* to explore, q. the art of exploring, or a party engaged in searching out something for sport. It seems merely synonymous with *Ploy.*—*Jamieson's Dictionary.*

[2] Dr. Bennett moved that Miss Jex Blake's application be agreed to. This motion was carried, four Professors, viz., Professors Bennett, Maclagan, Spence, and Balfour having voted in favour of it, and Professors Laycock and Turner having declined to vote.—*Report of Medical Faculty to Senatus Academicus*, 1st July 1869.

[3] HOST, HOAST, HOIST, *s.* 1. a cough, a single act of coughing; 2. a settled cough.—*Jamieson's Dictionary.*

[4] GENERAL COUNCIL OF EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY.—The statutory half-yearly meeting of this body was held yesterday in the Queen Street Hall. The Lord Justice-General, as Chancellor of the University, took the chair.

An' when the leddies get degrees,
Depen' upon 't there 's nocht 'll please
Till they ha'e got oor Chairs an' fees,
An' there 's an en' o' you and me.
For a' that ken the woman craiter
Maun own it is her foremost faitur'
To tak' to lecturin' by natur',
An' hoo she 'll do 't ye sune 'll see.

The Chancellor then intimated that the first business before the meeting was a communication from the University Court relative to separate medical classes for ladies.

Dr. PHIN said, that in accordance with the notice he had given, he had a motion to submit to the Council. . . . . He concluded by moving that the General Council disapprove of the resolution of the University Court to admit ladies to medical study in the University of Edinburgh.

Dr. ANDREW WOOD seconded the motion.

PROFESSOR MASSON said that, in the interest of what he considered a most important public question, in the interest of five women who were not present to represent themselves, for the credit of the great University to which they belonged, and for the credit of the city, he rose to meet Dr. Phin's motion with as deadly, as direct, and as complete opposition as he could. . . . . He had to move that the General Council approve of the resolution of the University Court respecting the admission of women to the study of medicine in the University of Edinburgh.

PROFESSOR BENNETT seconded the motion.

PRINCIPAL GRANT said, . . . that the proposition was that the University was to enact that a certain class of people were not to enter a certain profession because they were not fitted for it, or it was not good for them. As to the latter consideration, it might surely be left to those persons themselves to find out whether the profession was suitable for them; and as to their being fit for it, if they entered it without proper fitness they would not succeed in it, and the class they belonged to would not continue to enter.

Professor Masson's motion was carried by a show of hands.—*Scotsman, 30th October* 1869.

An' first wi' doctorin' and leechin',
An' syne wi' lecturin' and teachin',
Then what 's to keep them back frae preachin'?
Let Crawford tell us gin he can.[1]
My certie! then ye 'se get a screed
Aboot your duties; an' ye 'll need
To listen til 't, and tak' guid heed,
Gin ye wad be a peacefu' man.

An' think ye they 'll contentit be
Wi' physic and divinitie?
As sure 's I 'm leevin', sune ye 'll see
The leddies neist 'll tak' to law.
Then Edward Gordon, Geordie Young,
An' Andro' Clark may haud their tongue,[2]
When ance the women's is unstrung
Within the Coort o' Session Ha'.

There 's nocht remains, that I can lairn,
For men to do, but shew an' dairn,
An' bide at hame an' keep the bairn,
When Madam 's at her College Ha'.
But since at least they 've left us still
A'e nicht in peace, oor glass we 'll fill,
And just to show we 've nae ill will,
We 'll drink THE LEDDIES ane an' a'.

SYMPOSIUM ACADEMICUM, 14*th January* 1870.

[1] Professor of Divinity—THOMAS J. CRAWFORD, D.D.—*Edin. University Calendar.*

[2] FACULTY OF ADVOCATES.—E. S. Gordon, Q.C., LL.D., M.P., Dean of Faculty; George Young, Q.C., LL.D., M.P., Lord Advocate; Andrew Rutherfurd Clark, Q.C., LL.D., Solicitor-General.—*Oliver and Boyd's Almanac.*

PRINTED BY T. AND A. CONSTABLE, PRINTERS TO HER MAJESTY,
AT THE EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY PRESS.

00061278

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018